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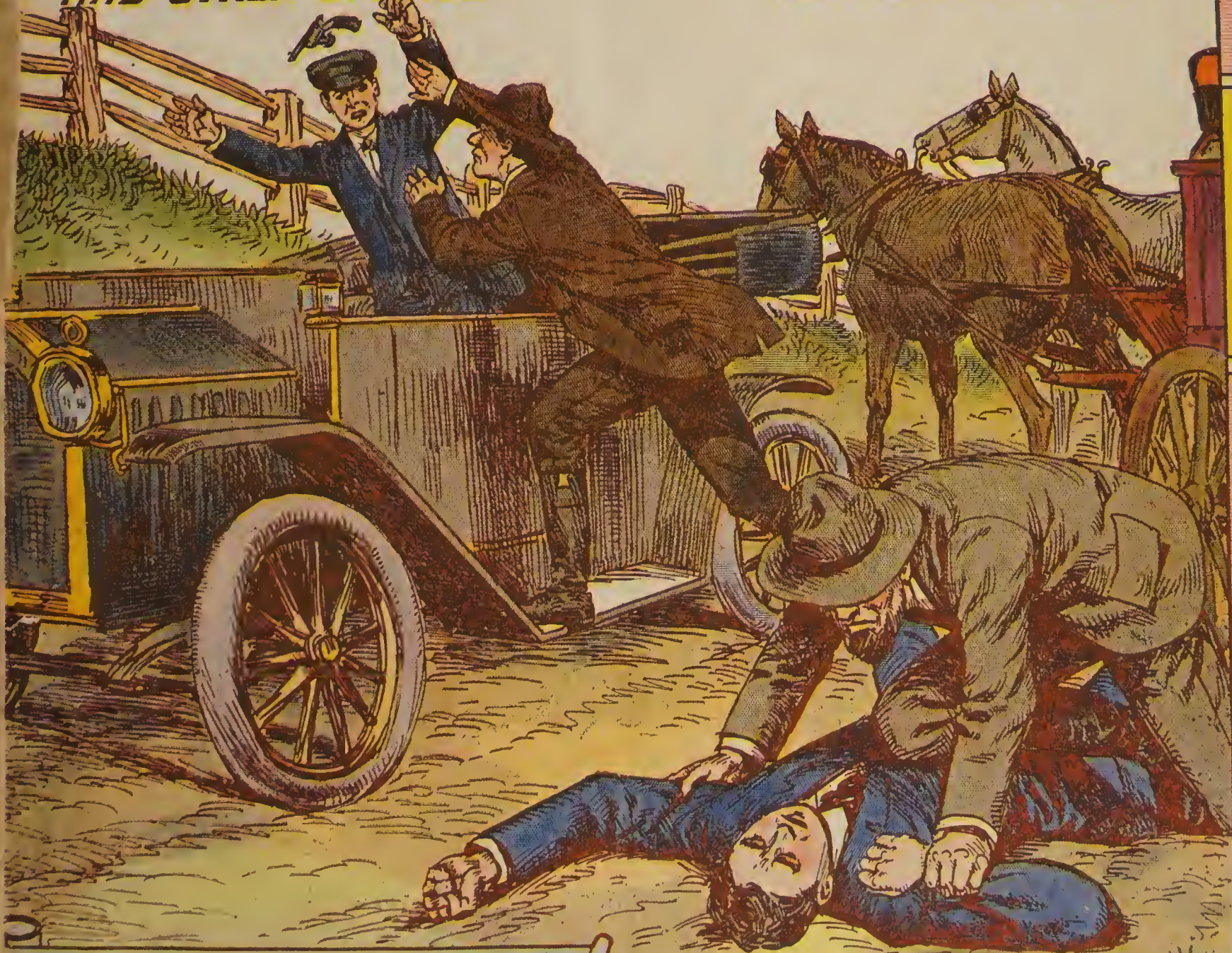
PLUCK AND LUCK

THE RIVAL AUTOMOBILES OR

A RACE FOR A HUNDRED THOUSAND

AND OTHER STORIES

BY ALLYN DRAPER



The other man pressed his revolver squarely under the nose of Dick. "You'd better git out, too," he said, in a voice that was full of meaning. For answer, Dick knocked the weapon from his grasp.

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PLUCK AND LUCK

Stories of Adventure

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THE RIVAL AUTOMOBILES

—OR—

A RACE FOR A HUNDRED THOUSAND

By ALLYN DRAPER

CHAPTER I.

THE WAGES.

It was the day after the great presidential election of 1900. Quite a crowd of men who were of a sporting turn of mind were gathered at the Hoffman House, New York City. Some wore smiles, others looked decidedly downhearted.

A great deal of money had been lost and won, and the winners were jubilant. It was a case of "I told you so" all around, and those who had wagered their money and lost were doing their best to explain "how it all happened."

A tall, well-built, middle-aged man was leaning on the cigar counter listening to what was being said, and finally, when there came a lull in the conversation, he said:

"Gentlemen, I did not lose a cent on the election. I never bet on an election in my life. But I am ready to accept a wager that I understand was offered in this house a few days ago."

Instantly every man in the room was all attention. The gentleman was known by many of those present, and they were anxious to learn what he was driving at.

"If the gentleman is present who offered to make the bet I have in my mind, I shall be only too happy to accommodate him," went on the man, as he puffed calmly on his cigar. "I have a son who is the owner of an automobile which I think cannot be beaten in a long-distance race. I am ready to back my opinion with a hundred thousand dollars!"

A murmur of surprise went up from the "sports" present. If there was anything they admired, it was to see a big wager made.

In less than half a minute after the words had left the tall man's mouth a stout man, with piercing black eyes and a smooth-shaven face, pushed his way forward.

"I guess I am the gent you are looking for," he exclaimed, as he halted at the cigar counter. "I believe I made a remark here a few days ago that I had an automobile that could beat the world in a long-distance race. I am ready to accept any proposition you may make, sir."

"As you are the original challenger, I will leave it to you to make the proposition," was the calm rejoinder.

"Very well. May I ask you what you consider a long-distance race?"

"Oh, nothing short of a thousand miles."

"Good! I am of the same mind. The longer the better. Do you think the race should take place on a regular track?"

"No. I prefer the roads—take them as you find them."

"And that hits my idea exactly!" exclaimed the stout man. "Suppose we make it a race from New York to Chicago?"

"I am agreeable."

"Good! I—But, say! It just struck me that winter is coming on. How would it do to go over a more southerly course, to New Orleans, say, or Galveston?"

"That will suit me just as well," and the tall man reached over for the lighter to get his cigar going, as it had gone out. "You can make it Tucson, Arizona, if you like."

"Tucson, Arizona, it shall be, then. As I said before, the longer the distance, the better it would suit me."

The two men shook hands, and the crowd which had gathered about them waited further developments.

A race from New York to the wilds of Arizona! That sounded like a big proposition. And so it was, but both parties interested were certainly in earnest.

"My automobile is only just a plain, everyday machine, with probably just a few improvements my son has put on it," said the stout man.

"And mine is the same, only I should not call it mine, I suppose, for it belongs to my boy," answered the tall man.

"Very well, then. Suppose we put up a thousand apiece to make the bet good?"

"Agreeable!" and out came two rolls that almost took the breath away from some of the "sports" who were broke just then.

A stake-holder was soon found, and the two thousand dollars was placed in the hotel safe with the understanding that the balance must be put up Saturday night of that week, before nine o'clock.

The name the tall man signed to the articles of agreement was William N. Streeter, and the stout man put down his signature as Benjamin Rhoades.

After everything had been settled in a satisfactory manner, Streeter ordered refreshments for the party, and his health was drank. But Benjamin Rhoades was not to be outdone, and he did likewise; then the two men shook hands and both left the Hoffman House, taking opposite directions.

When Saturday night came around the matter had been forgotten by a great many; still there were a number who remembered it, and they were on hand to see the balance of the money put up, and, if possible, learn the full particulars of the great race that was to be.

When William N. Streeter appeared, he was accompanied by a handsome, athletic-looking boy of eighteen. It was his son—the owner of the automobile, the speed of which he was going to risk a hundred thousand dollars on.

Those who saw them come in noticed that they got out of an "auto" which was outside by the curb in charge of a young fellow somewhere near the age of young Streeter.

And this was the identical machine they were going to race with. It was nothing more than a plain, every day automobile, such as are generally seen in use, but it was a "dandy," so the owner said, and could outfoot anything in that line, if such an expression may be used.

The couple had scarcely entered the great sporting headquarters when Benjamin Rhoades came in, accompanied by a dark-complexioned, sinister-looking young man of twenty-five. This was his son, the person who was to run the rival automobile in the great race for a hundred thousand dollars.

The two men shook hands, and then introduced their sons.

"Harry Streeter, Louis Rhoades!" That was the way they were introduced, and the young fellows promptly shook hands.

It was a real friendly grasp that came from Harry Streeter, but Louis Rhoades gave a very slight pressure from a very cold hand.

After a little preliminary talking, the parties got down to

business. A referee was chosen, the route to be raced over selected, and then the money was put on.

Then the four parties shook hands again.

"So you are the one who is going to buck me in this great race?" said Louis Rhoades to young Streeter.

"Yes, with the assistance of my friend, Dick Rumsen," was the reply.

"Well, I will be in charge of the machine that will beat yours. Of course, I will have an assistant with me, but I am the man who will do the business. I've got a world-beater, and there is no rubbing it out."

"Well, I think I own the fastest 'mobe' that was ever run by gasoline. What is your power?"

"Gasoline, the same as yours. I know a thing or two about a gasoline motor, too. That's what makes my machine so fast."

"Well, I don't know how much I do know about an automobile; but I have got the opinion that I do know a little."

"Well, there is no need of our arguing over the matter. We will know whose machine is the fastest when the race is over."

As Louis Rhoades said this he turned to his father, and the two stepped aside.

Harry Streeter, who is to figure as the hero of this story, left the famous hotel a few minutes later with his father. They both got into the "auto" outside and were whisked away in the direction of their home uptown.

CHAPTER II.

THE RACE BEGINS.

The day set for the great "auto" race to start was the following Wednesday, and both parties set about getting ready.

Both machines were what is termed "one-seaters," and they were remarkably light for "autos" run by gasoline.

Harry Streeter's was an American made machine, and Louis Rhoades' was a French "auto."

We will turn our attention to Harry and his vehicle for the present. At seven o'clock on Monday morning young Streeter and his chum and assistant, Dick Rumsen, were at work getting ready for the great race.

All day Sunday they had been bothered by reporters, but the doors of the Streeter residence were absolutely closed to them on this day, and the boys had everything to themselves.

They went over every inch of the machine, and by noon it was pronounced perfect.

"Now, then," observed Harry, "what shall we take with us in the way of extras?"

"A pair of good revolvers, for one thing, I should say," ventured Dick Rumsen; who was a strong, active fellow of about a year Harry's senior. Though Dick was not nearly so well fixed, as far as worldly goods are concerned, as Harry, the two boys were fast friends.

Mr. Streeter had once made Dick give up a good job so he could go on a month's cruise with Harry in a new naphtha launch, and since that time the boy had been in the old gentleman's employ, with good pay and nothing much to do.

"So you think we will need to carry arms, do you?" retorted Harry. "Well, I must say that I agree with you. We will have to pass through a bit of tough country, I should say. We will not only take a good revolver apiece, but a rifle and a shotgun. We can carry the guns handy enough, and we may get a shot at some big game on the way."

"That's it! Of course, we can carry the guns all right. Why, there's more room aboard the Flash than a person would imagine."

The "auto" had been nicknamed the Flash by the boys, because Dick one day said it could go like a flash of lightning.

The motor was, of course, in the rear of the carriage, and the tank for the gasoline was beneath it, just far enough away to be out of danger of exploding.

There were rubber coats, blankets, tools and what-not to be stored, and the boys got them stored away all right.

Tuesday night everything was in readiness for the start. Both boys had studied the route well, and got the places where they were to store up with gasoline well in their minds. The gasoline was the most important thing of all, as they could not run without it. But the route was well figured out, and there was no danger of their running out "between stations."

It was a bright morning on Wednesday, the weather being remarkably warm for that time of year. The start was made from the Hoffman House, and when Harry and Dick came down with the Flash they found their rival was waiting for them.

There was a big crowd there, too, and the police had their hands full in keeping the way clear.

Neither of our two young friends had been given an opportunity to look at the Rhoades "auto" before, and they now scanned it critically. It was all right as far as they could see, and looked very speedy.

Louis Rhoades had a young Frenchman for his assistant. The fellow had worked in the factory where the machine was built, which was a point in favor of Rhoades in case a breakdown occurred.

That is the way a great many who were aware of the facts looked at it, anyhow. But it made not a particle of difference to Harry whether the man who had designed the French machine was going to ride in it; he felt capable of taking care of the Flash if a breakdown occurred.

The start was to be made at ten o'clock sharp, and five minutes before that hour William N. Streeter stepped up to the automobile in which his son and his assistant sat.

He shook hands with Dick first, and then grasped that of his son.

"Harry," said he, "I shall expect you to do your level best in this race. If you win it will mean a whole lot to me besides the money I have put up. I want to impress it on your mind that you will have to keep your eyes open all the way, for there is no telling but a job may be put up to beat you. I do not like the looks and manner of the people we are racing against, and I have got an idea they intend to win the race by fair means or foul. I am not sure of this, but it will pay you to be on the lookout for some sort of trick. Now, good-by. I will meet you somewhere on the way, and I will surely be in Tucson when you come in. Again I say good-by."

Benjamin Rhoades was also bidding good-by to his son, and by the time the two men got upon the sidewalk the starter gave the signal to go.

The two autos started down Broadway at an ordinary gait, for, of course, it was out of the question to think of doing any racing there.

Both crossed over to Jersey City on the same boat, part of the crowd following them.

"Now for Philadelphia!" exclaimed Harry, as they got out of the limits of the city so they could proceed with some degree of speed.

The Rhoades outfit was ahead, and our hero concluded to let it remain so until they were about to enter the Quaker city.

All four of the riders now had on their face protectors, and as they flew along the country roads farmers gazed at them in wonder. It struck them at once that it was a race that was taking place, but they had no idea that it would continue till the wilds of Arizona were reached.

At Princeton a halt was made for dinner, the Rhoades machine getting there first.

The feeling of rivalry had already begun to show itself rather strong, for the two parties did not stop at the same hotel.

"They seem to be very proud of getting here first," observed Harry, as they started after dinner. "Well, we will see who gets into Philadelphia first, just for the fun of it."

At Camden, Rhoades was at least two hundred yards ahead, and Harry allowed him to remain so for the next ten miles.

Then the Flash began to creep up, and soon they were not over ten yards behind. When it needed only two miles to get into Philadelphia, Dick suggested that they get ahead.

There was a good wide piece of road before them, so Harry nodded his head.

Then he reached down and put on more power. The explosions of the gasoline began to go so fast that it sounded as though a dozen packs of firecrackers had been set off.

But the Frenchman, who was controlling the rival machine, must have anticipated just such a move from our friends, for the Flash had scarcely begun to pull up on them when they started at a faster gait.

Then an exciting race for two miles began. The Flash managed to get even with the Rhoades auto before a quarter of a mile was covered, and there she remained until the place where they would be compelled to slow down was in sight.

Neither machine was going at the top of its speed, but now they were let out.

Gradually the Flash forged ahead, and when the finish came it was over two lengths ahead. Harry and Dick were the first to enter Philadelphia.

"That is the way it will be at Tucson!" shouted Dick.

"Not on your life!" answered Louis Rhoades, whose face showed that he was in a great rage at his defeat.

"Sacré!" blazed Jean Galle, the Frenchman. "Zey vill nevalre reach ze Tucson!" This was said in a loud voice, and our two friends could not help hearing it. Harry thought of

what his father had said about being on their guard. It struck him that the Frenchman was one of the sort who will stoop to almost anything to gain a point.

Louis Rhoades did not try them again on the streets of the city, but allowed them to go in first.

As before, the rival automobiles did not stop at the same hotel.

As there were no stipulations as to how many hours they were to put in during a day, Harry got ready to start out again immediately, and as soon as they had put away a substantial meal they got the Flash in readiness.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST ADVENTURE.

It was a clear, cool night, and with a far-reaching lamp attached to the dashboard of the auto, our two friends set out to gain all the advantage they could in the great race for a hundred thousand dollars.

"We will sleep in Wilmington, Delaware, to-night," said Harry, "and we will let it go at that, no matter what our rivals do. That will be quite enough for one day, I think."

"Yes, it will be somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred and thirty miles, I guess," answered Dick. "That is a great deal more than we can expect to keep up every day."

"Yes, for we are apt to strike very bad roads before the race is over, and we will have to pass through a rather wild country, too, I'm thinking."

"Yes, I fancy this is not a very pleasant road we will travel to-night."

"All we have to do is to keep our eyes open."

Once outside the limits of the city they let the Flash out a little, but they did not travel at any time faster than a twelve-mile gait.

It was nine o'clock when they left the City of Brotherly Love, and Harry hoped to be in Wilmington by midnight.

Neither of the boys knew exactly whether the other auto had started or not; but they did not care much. If it had not, so much the better for them, and if it had, it would not make much difference.

The road to Wilmington, for the most part, is a pretty lonely one, and, when about half the distance was made, our friends found that they were in the wildest section of country they had yet passed through. For two miles they had not seen a house or anything that looked like one. The road, a gravel turnpike, was in fairly good order, but they deemed it advisable not to proceed too fast.

"Your father had lots of nerve to put up so much money on this race," said Dick, as they rode along. He wanted to talk about something to make the time pass more pleasantly.

"Well," was the reply, "you know father has plenty of money, and a very good business. And then, again, he is what is called a true-blue sport. He heard that this man Rhoades was doing a whole lot of boasting at the Hoffman House, so he came to me and asked me what I thought about the challenge."

"And what did you tell him?" asked Dick.

"I told him that it was my honest opinion that there was not an auto in existence that could beat this one; and when he asked me if I was willing to make a long-distance race, I told him I was. That is all I knew about it until he came and told me that he had put up the money to bind the match."

"And Rhoades—he had lots of nerve, too."

"Yes; well, you see, his wife, who is a French lady by birth, is one of the principal stockholders in an automobile concern in Paris. The one we are racing against was made there, and it is supposed to be one of the finest machines ever turned out in France. The Rhoadeses have plenty of money—far more than father has got, and it is quite likely they would rather lose twice a hundred thousand dollars than lose this race."

"And that will make us fight all the harder to beat them!" exclaimed Dick. "I will stick till the very end, and I feel confident of winning."

"So do I—Hello! What is that?" and as quick as a flash Harry shut off the motor.

And he was just in time, for across the road was a fallen telegraph pole.

The front wheels of the machine struck it with a jar, and they came to a stop. One of the improvements Harry had put on the auto was a device which would stop it quickly, and had it not been for this there must certainly have been a wreck there in the road.

"A narrow escape!" exclaimed Dick, as he jumped out. "Come, let us get this pole out of the way. I guess we can lift it around all right."

"I guess we can."

They went right at it, and the job was soon accomplished. But just as they turned to get into the auto a man sprang into it, and before they could realize what had happened, the machine started off in the direction of Wilmington.

"Hey, there!" yelled Harry, excitedly. "What do you mean?"

"Stop where you are, or we will shoot!" added Dick. He drew his revolver as he spoke and discharged it in the air, not knowing hardly what he was doing.

But the automobile only went all the faster, showing that the man who had stolen it so neatly knew how to run it.

"Dick, what shall we do?"

"I don't know, Harry."

"Let us run after him. It may only be a joke, and he might stop a little ways down the road."

This was the only thing to do, so the two boys started at the top of their speed after the stolen Flash.

It was well that they did this, for they got far enough ahead to see their machine turn up a narrow lane to the left. Had they remained standing in the road they would certainly have thought it continued on straight ahead.

Panting from their exertion, the two boys came to a stop at the lane. They listened and could hear the exhaust from the auto plainly enough.

But suddenly it stopped.

A simultaneous cry of relief came from their lips. There was something to hope for now.

"Dick," exclaimed Harry, gritting hard on his teeth, "we must get possession of our machine, even if we have to fight for it."

"I'm with you, old fellow."

"Come on, then. We must get to the place where that fellow has stopped without him seeing us coming. A little strategy will be the proper thing in this case. My! but who would have thought that anything like this would happen right here within a few miles of Philadelphia?"

"If we can only get our machine back it will have taught us a lesson to be more careful in the future."

The boys were talking in whispers now, and making swiftly for the place they judged the auto to be. They were walking in the shadow of a line of drooping trees, and could not be seen very well, unless a person should run almost upon them.

A hundred yards from the road and they came in sight of a tumble-down hut. There was a light in the window, and as they got a little closer a suppressed cry of joy came from the lips of our hero.

There stood their automobile at the side of the building.

The lamp on it had been extinguished, but it was light enough for them to see that there was no one guarding it.

As stealthily as two Indian scouts might have done it, the two excited young fellows, with hearts wildly beating, made for their machine.

Soon they were within twenty feet of it, and then it behooved them to proceed with the utmost caution, for there was an open space to cross before they could reach it.

"Now is your time. We must make a dash for it!" exclaimed Harry, in a whisper. "If they have not tampered with her, we will be all right."

"She is all right," replied Dick. "Can't you hear the pump working? Our machine is all ready to start."

They now no longer hesitated.

With a bound Harry led the way to spring into the auto. Dick followed him.

But just as Harry got his hand on the seat, the door of the hut opened and two men came out.

They saw the two boys almost instantly.

"Get out of that!" cried one of the men, uttering an oath to emphasize his words. Then he raised a pistol and sent a bullet whistling over the boy's head to frighten him away.

But it took more than that to frighten Harry just then, and with one leap he was into the vehicle with his hand on the lever.

"Jump in, Dick!" he shouted; and then he turned and fired two shots from his revolver over the heads of the men.

This had the desired effect, for they drew back hastily, and, accepting his chance, Dick sprang into the seat beside his chum.

Then—puff, puff, puff! The Flash started off, true to its name, and down the lane they went over the rough, uneven ground.

Half a dozen bullets came after them from the frustrated pair of villains, but they evidently were not fired with the intention of doing any damage, for they all flew high.

As they neared the road the puffing sound caused by another auto came to their ears.

"The Rhoades machine!" exclaimed Harry. "We——"
He did not finish what he was going to say, for at that instant the auto struck a stump, upsetting it with a crash and throwing the two boys fully ten feet into a clump of bushes.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF FOR BALTIMORE.

The automobile went over so quickly that Harry Streeter found himself sprawling in a clump of bushes before he knew what had happened.

Beyond a bruise or two he was not hurt a particle, and almost in an instant he was on his feet.

The machine had turned completely over and the motor was thumping away like mad. As soon as the boy realized this he caught Dick Rumsen by the shoulder. Dick had landed but a few feet distant from him, but he seemed to be dazed.

"Come Dick," said Harry. "Our machine is in danger."

Then he darted to the auto and strove to shut it off. He knew just where to place his hands, and almost in the twinkling of an eye he succeeded in doing so.

Dick had now somewhat recovered his scattered senses, and like one just awakening from a sound sleep he came staggering to the spot.

"Help me turn her over," said out hero. "Our rival has gone on ahead of us, and we have no time to lose."

"Eh!" stammered Dick. "Wh-a-at's the matter, anyway?"

"We got upset, that's all. You aren't hure, are you?"

"No. But wasn't it sudden, though?"

"It was. But come! Let's get our machine righted."

That was enough. Dick was now equal to the occasion, and under the united efforts of the two the auto was quickly righted.

In the darkness they could not tell just how much it was injured, but Harry had seen the wheels going around when it was upside down, and he was quite sure that they would be able to run it.

He made a quick examination by feeling, and then told his companion to get in.

Dick did so, and just as our hero was about to follow him a man from somewhere in the background called out.

"Hey! What's ther matter with you fellows, anyhow?"

Harry recognized it as being the voice of one of the men he had fired at when he made the flying start from the house up the lane.

"Never you mind what is the matter," he returned. "But I should not advise you to come any nearer, just the same. You have done us a very dirty trick, and I hope you got well paid for it."

"That's what I did, young feller. We don't care now what happens, as the other feller is ahead. Good-night."

The puffy exhaust from the machine was the only answer the man received, and the next moment the Flash was going along the highway as good as ever.

Just as they got into Wilmington the motor ceased to work. The gasoline tank had sprung a leak from the accident and had become empty.

But it was not far to the hotel they had telephoned of their coming, and in a few minutes they made the distance.

As soon as they placed their auto under lock and key the two boys went to bed. They felt that nothing could be gained by tampering with it in the lamp-light. In the morning they could see exactly what they were doing, and if they were forced to lose a little time by waiting, they would have to make it up some other way.

They were up at six in the morning, and at seven they had their breakfast. Then they started in on the Flash.

"Why, she's all right, except a few dents and scratches, and the gasoline tank," said Harry. "Go and hunt up a tinsmith or a plumber, Dick, and we'll be ready to start in no time."

His chum was off like a shot, and in less than ten minutes he returned with a man who had his furnace and smoldering irons right with him.

The tank was fixed in a jiffy, and then they were all ready to start once more on the race for a hundred thousand.

Just before they reached the outskirts of the city they learned that their rival had preceded them by about half an hour.

"That's all right," said Harry. "It might have been a great deal worse, for that was certainly a big job that was put up on us last night, and if it had worked as it was intended it should I doubt if we would have been ready to resume our journey under two or three days."

"It was a dirty trick, and no mistake," was the reply, "and no one else than Louis Rhoades or some of his agents put

it up on us. We must keep on the lookout for those fellows."

The boys had said nothing in Wilmington of what had happened to them, believing that it would have done no good to do so, for had the villain who stole their machine been caught there would have certainly been a delay for them, as they would have had to stay to make a charge against him.

It was not their purpose to have any one arrested. It was too important a mission that they were on to stop for anything like that. All they wanted was to manage to get through without being injured or their machine crippled so it could not run.

The Flash made good time that day, but did not overtake the Rhoades machine.

"We will eat our dinner in Baltimore and our supper in Washington!" exclaimed Dick, as they sped along the good piece of road that was now before them.

"That will be easy enough, providing we meet with no mishaps," was his chum's reply.

"Well, that is all we figured on doing the first two days."

"That's right, but we want to do more than we have figured on some days."

"And we will, too. We are up against a bad set, but all we have got to do is to keep our eyes open. It will not do for us to both get out of the machine again, unless we are where we know it will surely be safe."

"I agree with you exactly on that point. We will carry it out to the very letter."

The auto kept right on its way without a stop until the Susquehanna River was reached. They were just in time to miss the little ferry boat that ran across at half-hour intervals, and Harry was not a little disappointed.

"We could have hurried a little, if we had only known it," he said.

"Well, we must expect such things," was Dick's reply. "I wonder if the other rig came this way? I'll ask that old fellow over there. He seems to be one of the fixtures around here."

The old fellow in question stood with his back against a telegraph pole, whittling away on a pine stick and chewing a quid of tobacco as though his very life depended on it.

"How are you?" said Dick, as he walked up to him. "Fine morning, isn't it?"

"Well, yaas, tolerably fine. It mought be better, an' then ag'in it could be wuss. How do yer like ridin' in one of them blamed things?"

"First rate," replied Dick. "It's fine when you once get used to it."

"Ther darned things are knockin' horseflesh all ter thunder, jest there same. Why, this makes ther second one of 'em I've seen in about ten minutes."

"One of them went over on the boat that we just got left from, didn't it?"

"Yaas, jest such a-lookin' machine as yourn. Where mought you be goin' with the thing, anyhow?"

"To Washington. You see, we have got an appointment with the president this evening, and as we don't want to be late, that is why we were a little disappointed at losing the boat."

"Ther president, hey?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes, the president of an automobile club. Here, have a cigar!" and the boy laughingly handed him one.

"So they just went across the river on that boat, did they?" observed Harry. "Well, that isn't so bad, after all. They are only half an hour ahead of us, and we must speed up and beat them into Baltimore."

CHAPTER V.

ARRESTED.

Half an hour later the Flash had crossed the Susquehanna, and was bowling along toward Baltimore at a high rate of speed.

Villages and towns were passed through without making a stop. When within four miles of the city proper the auto came to a railroad crossing and was forced to stop to allow a train to pass.

Harry questioned the flagman and learned that another horseless carriage had passed that way less than five minutes before.

The boy closed his lips tightly and a determined look came over his face.

"How about it?" asked Dick, as they crossed the track when the train had passed.

"We will do it!" was the reply. "I will let her out if the road is any good. Now, then! Off we go!"

And they did go. People shouted and dogs barked, but the occupants of the flying "mobe" paid no attention to them. They were bent on getting into Baltimore ahead of their rivals.

And luck was with them, it seemed, for they had scarcely made a mile when they suddenly came upon the Rhoades outfit at a standstill on the side of the road.

Both Louis Rhoades and the Frenchman were standing on the ground hurriedly adjusting something, but not a word did our friends mutter as they went flitting by.

Harry now slackened their speed, for it was easy now, as he knew it did not lay in the other machine to pass them on a level stretch.

Harry and Dick were in the hotel they had arranged to dine at when their rivals showed up and stopped at another place almost opposite.

Profiting by their late experience, Dick remained beside the auto till it was placed in charge of a trusted employee of the hotel, and then he joined his chum at dinner.

When they came out they found gasoline ready for them, which showed that Harry's father was attending to his part of it in a proper and systematic manner.

The tank was soon filled, and a little oiling done; then they started off once more, ahead of the other auto this time.

It was an easy run to Washington, and Harry calculated that they would reach there early.

His father had telegraphed that he would be there to meet them, and that Benjamin Rhoades would also be there.

"Come in ahead, if you possibly can," the telegram concluded.

"I guess we can all right," said Dick.

"Yes, easy enough now. Young Rhoades will have the excuse that his machine broke down, but his delay was nothing to what we had to contend with last night."

It was about four in the afternoon when the Flash entered the Capital City. The Rhoades machine was nowhere in sight, nor had it been seen since they left Baltimore. But our young friends were running no chances. It was just possible that their rivals might have taken another route unknown to them, so they kept a good speed all the way in.

As they rode up to the curb in front of the hotel they were scheduled to stop at Harry's father was there to greet them.

Benjamin Rhoades and one of the judges were there, too, and as soon as the former recognized the outfit he turned on his heel and entered the hotel.

"So you did come in ahead, after all!" exclaimed the elder Streeter, as he shook hands with the boys. "Well I can't tell you how glad I am. There was lots of speculation as to who would get here first."

The old gentleman saw to it that the auto was taken care of, and then he conducted the boys to the suite of rooms he had engaged.

"Wash up and change your clothing, and then tell me about your trip so far," said he. "Rhoades and I have agreed that neither machine is to leave here till to-morrow morning at nine. You can see some of the sights of Washington this evening."

"Good," exclaimed Harry, and then he and Dick set about to make the necessary changes in their appearance. To tell the truth, they needed a rest, as they had been going pretty steady since they left New York.

Half an hour later they were relating what had occurred on their trip.

A troubled look came over the face of William N. Streeter.

"It is as I thought, then," he said. "They mean to win the race by fair means or foul. Well, we are into it now, and I shall put trust into you two boys to win. But once more I warn you to be ever on the lookout. That Frenchman is a treacherous fellow, and I have no doubt that he would almost go as far as murder to gain his point."

"You can depend on us," answered Harry. "We are just getting into the real spirit of the thing now, and we are bound to win."

Dick echoed his sentiments, and the elder man smiled satisfactorily.

The Rhoades automobile came in over an hour late. Another breakdown was the cause of it, they said.

This time all parties interested were stopping at the same hotel.

After dinner Harry strolled out on the piazza, smoking a cigar.

Almost the first person he ran against was Louis Rhoades.

"I suppose you feel good over the fact that you beat us here," he remarked with a scowl. "If our machine had not broken down you wouldn't have done it."

"Probably not," our hero answered, coldly. "But how about that dirty trick that was played on us between Philadelphia and Wilmington last night?"

"What do I know about that?" demanded Louis, at once flying into a rage.

"Enough, I should think. I am not so dumb but that I can understand the case. Now, I want to advise you to attend strictly to your own machine, and let ours alone."

"If you say I know anything about a trick being played on you, you lie!" cried young Rhoades, placing himself in a fighting attitude.

Harry clenched his fist to strike him, when some one seized him by the arm. It was his father.

"Stop this!" he exclaimed. "You people should not quarrel. I thought this was to be a friendly race."

"So it is," answered Louis, "but I won't stand being accused of doing something I know nothing about."

Quite a number of the hotel guests had been attracted to the spot by this time, among whom was Dick Rumsen. Mr. Streeter took his son by the arm and conducted him inside.

"Have nothing to say to him after this, Harry," he said.

"I will not if you say so, father," was the boy's reply. "He opened the conversation, and I was just going to tell him what I thought of him—that's all."

"Well, don't notice him in the future. I have decided to send a trusted man along the route by train, who will be on the lookout for your welfare, as he will keep a pretty good watch on the agents Rhoades has in his employ."

Harry had promised his father that he would not notice Louis Rhoades any more, but he knew when he made the promise that a fight between his rival and himself was bound to take place long before the wilds of Arizona were reached. Rhoades was looking for trouble, and Harry felt in duty bound to give him all he wanted.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when Mr. Streeter invited the two boys to take a walk and see some of the city. The Flash was under lock and key and a man who could be trusted was close by it, so there was nothing to worry about on that score.

The three made in the direction of the capitol, as Dick had never seen the great building, and even a glimpse of it by electric light would be gratifying to him.

When they reached a point where they could view the building to the best advantage they came to a halt.

They had scarcely done so when two men came up, and each seizing hold of one of the boys, one of them exclaimed:

"You will come along with us! Be quiet, now!" and before they knew what was taking place, they found themselves handcuffed.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY IS KIDNAPPED.

"What does this mean?" thundered Mr. Streeter, glancing at the two men in astonishment.

"You are placed under arrest also, as the accomplice of these two boys," retorted one of the men, placing his hand on the shoulder of the astonished man. "We are detectives, sir, and our orders are to arrest this couple of young rascals."

"What is the charge?"

"Plotting to kill the president," and both men showed their badges.

"You are a pair of fools."

"That is what you say, but I guess we know our business. Come right along, now. You can tell your story to some one else, who probably will be more willing to listen to it."

William N. Streeter was what is termed a cool-headed man, but this was enough to excite any one. However, he cooled down with remarkable quickness.

"Take us to the nearest station-house, and be quick about it!" he exclaimed. "If you value your positions, I say be quick about it."

"It is just possible that we have made a mistake," one of the detectives ventured.

"That makes no difference," said Streeter. "Take us to the station-house as quickly as you can."

"Well, come on, then," and away they were marched, Harry and Dick scarcely able to believe their senses.

In about twenty minutes a station-house was reached, and then the trio of prisoners were placed before the sergeant at the desk.

"What is the charge?" demanded the official.

"Sergeant, we think we have the two young scoundrels who were reported as coming from New York for the purpose of assassinating the president," replied one of them.

"Ah!"

"They were pointed out to us up at the ——— Hotel as being suspicious characters," added the other detective.

"Sergeant, may I have a word to say?" spoke up Streeter, drawing himself up to his full height, and making a commanding appearance.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Well, sir, I want to tell you that this young man is my son, and the other is his friend and assistant. They are on their way in an automobile to Tucson, Arizona. It is a race for a hundred thousand, and they must not be detained later than six o'clock to-morrow morning. A big mistake has been made somewhere, but I must say that I never saw such dumb detectives before in my life."

"Can you prove what you say is true?"

"Yes, even to what I said about the dumbness of these alleged detectives."

As Harry's father said that he handed over several cards, which contained the names of men of national reputation, who were at that moment in the city.

When the sergeant had read the names a more pleasant look came on his face.

"Sit down, the three of you," he said. "I will investigate at once." Then to the detectives: "It is more than probable that you have made a big mistake."

In fifteen minutes' time the three prisoners were discharged. The detectives departed in a crest-fallen manner, after stating that the boys had been pointed out to them by a foreigner up at the hotel.

"You both have mistaken your calling" said Streeter, as he led the way from the station-house, followed by the two boys and three men who had been summoned there to identify him. "But as it is no worse than this, I will forgive you for the rank mistake you have made. I'll wager that the man who pointed my boy out as a party who was going to slay the president is a villain himself. If you want to make yourself solid with me, I charge you to find him and arrest him at once."

"I guess we had better go back to the hotel," said Harry, when they got out on the sidewalk. "I have had quite enough of Washington."

"So have I," chimed in Dick. "I suppose we can lay this adventure to our rivals. It was quite a scheme, but it did not work."

"I suppose you believe the foreigner who put the detectives on you was the Frenchman in the employ of Benjamin Rhoades?" observed Mr. Streeter.

"I certainly do," was the reply.

"So do I," Harry hastened to say. "Father, if you had not been there we would certainly have been in a bad scrape. It might have been a day or two before we got out of it; and then think how far ahead our rival would have been."

Mr. Streeter did not take them back to the hotel right away, but took them around a bit and showed them some of the sights.

The next morning they were up bright and early and ready to start right then, if necessary.

Harry's father brought him a paper which told all about the arrest of the night before, and of the mistake that had been made by the detectives.

A pretty good account of the great automobile race up to date was also given, and before the time to start arrived a horde of newspaper reporters were at the hotel trying to interview all parties interested in the race.

But they got little information out of our friends, and only had the satisfaction of seeing them start out.

The route they were to travel lay through Virginia, and North and South Carolina into Tennessee.

If the Rhoades people had been guilty of having the boys arrested on a false charge, they must have been willing to let it drop at that, for a while, anyhow, for nothing further happened out of the ordinary till they reached a wild part of Tennessee.

Harry and Dick were ahead in the race. They had not seen anything of their rivals in two days, and they were keeping up a good daily average, in spite of the rough roads they had to travel over.

It was about eleven o'clock in the evening when they entered the small town they were booked to stay in for the night. It had been raining all the afternoon, and the boys were heartily glad to reach shelter.

It was a plain, country hotel they stopped at, and the proprietor showed that he wanted to do his level best to please them.

It so happened that the man Mr. Streeter sent along the

route to look after their interests was in the hotel at the same time, but neither of the boys were aware of it. They had never seen him, in fact, so could not very well know it, unless he made himself known to them.

The hotel was an old-fashioned structure, only two stories high, and when the two auto racers turned in they found themselves on the top floor in a room at one corner of the house. It was rather large—much larger than the usual hotel apartments—but was inviting enough, for all that.

After talking over the prospects for the next day, Harry and Dick at length fell asleep.

Shortly after midnight there was a noise at the door of the room. It was surely a noise, but not loud enough to awaken the tired-out boys.

Half a minute later the door opened and two masked figures stole softly in. One of them had a sponge and bottle in his hand and the other a revolver.

The boys slept on.

Presently the sponge was applied to the nostrils of the boys; though they struggled, they soon lapsed into insensibility.

Then the two men picked up the form of Harry Streeter and bore him from the room, leaving his friend lying on the bed.

It must have been three hours later when Harry woke up. His head felt dizzy, and a feeling of nausea was upon him.

He tried to raise himself to a sitting posture, but could not.

The boy was bound hand and foot, and lying in a damp cellar.

CHAPTER VII.

HARRY GETS OUT OF THE CELLAR.

It was several moments before Harry Streeter could fully realize that he he was not in his bed at the hotel. But gradually it came to him that some one had seized him and held him down, at the same time smothering him with some powerful drug.

It was as dark as the grave in the cellar, and the silence was appalling.

When the boy finally had fully recovered his senses, the first thing he did was to struggle to free himself.

His wrists were rather larger than the ordinary and much to his satisfaction, he soon had the cords slipped from them. Then it was an easy thing to free his ankles.

He got up feeling rather weak and dizzy.

"I wonder how I got down in the cellar?" he muttered. "Another job has been put up, I suppose. Well, I must get out of here at once. It may be morning, for that drug I inhaled has knocked all calculation of time out of me."

The boy started across the floor of damp earth, looking for a way to get out. The cellar was a square one, and when he had walked nearly around the four sides he came to a short flight of steps. He started up them and his head struck a slanting door.

It raised an inch or so from the shock, and during that instant Harry saw a flash of daylight.

It was morning, then.

He no longer hesitated now, but with a quick upward shove he flung the cellar door open, and sprang upward and out into the open air.

At the first breath of fresh air the boy felt better. Then he looked around him. The sun was shining brightly, and must certainly have been three hours high by the looks of its position. But it was more than that, as he soon found out.

When the two men had whisked him from his bed they had taken his trousers with them, and pulled them on him before they left him in the cellar. Thus he was bare-headed, bare-footed and attired only in his undershirt and trousers.

He felt in his pockets and found that there was about a dollar in change there, and his pocket-knife. Then he looked around for the building the automobile had been locked in, for he naturally supposed he had emerged from the cellar of the hotel.

But what was his surprise when he saw that the building he had just emerged from was an old, tumble-down affair, located in the centre of a field, with no other house in sight.

"Whew!" exclaimed Harry. "What does this all mean, anyhow? Where am I, and how did I get here?"

After a minute or two of thought, he picked up a club to defend himself, in case he was attacked by man or beast, and walked slowly around the house.

There was not a whole pane of glass in it; the door had tumbled down, and, to quote from an old song, "The roof let in the sunshine and the rain."

"Hello!" he called out, thinking it might be possible that some one was in the house.

But only the echo of his own voice came back to him. The place was empty.

Harry did not know what to do. Which direction he should take to reach the hotel he had no idea, and hatless and shoeless as he was, he felt in anything but an easy frame of mind.

"I have been drugged and carried off just to delay us in the race," he muttered, as he sat down on what had once been the sill of the front door of the house. "I would bet five dollars to a cent that the Frenchman did this for me."

The sun was now shining down on his bare head with considerable force. As he looked around he gave a start of surprise, and then he let out a "hello" that could have been heard for half a mile.

And no wonder, for passing down a narrow lane about two hundred yards distant was a cart drawn by a mule with an old negro driving.

The comical-looking outfit came to a halt in much quicker time than it could possibly start, and, waving his arms above his head, our hero ran towards it.

"Wha—wha—yo' come from, white boy?" demanded the darky in amazement. "Wha yo' do here?"

Harry pulled out the change he had in his pocket and held it up.

"I want you to take me to Smith's hotel at once!" he exclaimed. "How long will it take?"

"'Bout half an hour I reckon. Jump in, boy, an' hurry up."

The change passed to the darky's hands, and Harry was on the seat beside him in a jiffy. Then the mule was gradually got to going on a stiff trot down the lane.

After what seemed to be a mile or two, they came to the regular turnpike highway, and then it was that the mule got in a good humor and let himself out.

As the Flash had passed along this road in the darkness and rain, Harry did not recognize it. But he felt sure that the negro was driving him right, and anxiously watched for the appearance of the hotel.

Pretty soon a house came in sight, and then another, and another, until finally young Streeter saw they were entering a small town.

Two minutes later Harry felt like leaping out of the cart with pure joy. He saw an automobile making for them at a rapid pace, and in it were Dick Rumsen and a stranger.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, grabbing the darky's hat and waving it in the air.

"Wha' de matter? Hab yo' done gone crazy?" asked the colored man, as he drew back on the reins and brought the mule to a halt.

"Nothing, uncle; only there comes my wagon. You have earned your dollar very easily. Hurrah!"

Again the boy gave vent to his feelings.

"Good-by, uncle!" he exclaimed, and then he jumped lightly to the ground.

By this time the Flash was within a few yards of them, and the mule began jumping about with a great degree of friskiness. Suddenly the animal turned around and went down the road as fast as a steam engine, throwing the darky on his back in the bottom of the cart as it did so.

But neither Harry nor Dick paid any attention to what would have been a very comical proceeding to them at any other time. They were too eager to meet each other.

"What happened to you, old man?" asked Dick.

"I can't tell exactly, to save my life," was the reply, and then our hero cast an inquiring look at the stranger in the "mobe."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dick, noting the look, "this is a friend of ours. Mr. Jansen, Mr. Streeter."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Streeter," said the man, as he got out of the auto and shook hands with the boy. "I have known you ever since you were in Washington, but this is the first time I have had the pleasure of speaking to you. I am the detective your father engaged to go along with the race and look out for your welfare. I must confess that our enemies got the best of me last night, but I was on the right trail, and was bound to find you, as I told your friend here."

The detective produced a document which was nothing more than a letter of introduction bearing the signature of William N. Streeter.

"Oh, I believe what you say," said Harry, as he clambered into the vehicle. "Come, get in. We must get back to the hotel so I can get on my clothes. I will tell you all I know about what happened to me on the way."

There was room enough on a pinch for three, and soon the auto was spinning along for the hotel.

Harry told all he knew, and the detective nodded.

"It was the Frenchman with a hired accomplice who chloroformed you and carried you to the cellar in the deserted house. I found the accomplice, but the Frenchman left two hours ago in the rival automobile. They got the best of me this time, but they won't do it again. If they keep on with this sort of work, I will lodge both Louis Rhoades and his villainous assistant in jail for a couple of days. Then, I think, you would get a good start on them."

"We don't want to do that if we can possibly get along without it," answered Harry. "If they are sneaking scoundrels, we will show them that we can win the race by pursuing straight and legitimate tactics only. Ah, there is the hotel. They have more than two hours' start of us, and we must be off at once."

CHAPTER VIII.

RHOADES PUTS UP A JOB.

It was less than twenty minutes after they arrived at the hotel when the Flash once more set out on the great race for a hundred thousand dollars.

The detective, in disguise, took the train to the place they were to stop at that night, so he would arrive there about two or three hours ahead of them.

When Harry and Dick got there they found that their rivals had been there some two hours before, and after eating a meal at the hotel, had gone on.

"They are going right in to win by fair means, it seems," said Jansen, who was there to meet them. "So long as they are ahead I do not think they will bother you."

"Well, let them stay ahead for a while," Harry replied. "But we want to get to New Orleans first, and we must, too."

"And we will get there first," added Dick.

"Well, I will go on and follow them up by train," said the detective. "You keep right on, and be on the lookout continually. You will always find me somewhere around at the end of your day's journey."

The boys continued to rest until about three in the morning, and then start out good and fresh. The next day at noon they expected to cross the boundary line into the State of Mississippi.

But let us turn our attention for a while to their rivals, who were now several miles ahead.

"Ve feex 'em putty good zat time," observed the Frenchman, as they were gliding along in the moonlight the night following the chloroforming of our friend.

"That we did," answered young Rhoades. "But I tell you one thing, we have got to be careful of what we do. They are on to us, and the first thing we know we will be locked up. You can't tell how soon they might be able to make a case out against us."

"Zey vill no catch me in my leetle treeks," was the reply. "I am very careful."

"We will keep right on ahead of them, if possible. We must not lose a minute now, or from now till the finish."

Their conversation was interrupted just then, for they suddenly came upon a heavily loaded wagon. The horses attached to it became frightened, and quick as a flash started to run away. The heavy wagon was drawn into a ditch, and over it went, spilling its contents in the road.

The Rhoades machine came to a quick halt to keep from colliding with the barrels that had composed the load.

Almost instantly two men scrambled to the side of the auto and a pair of revolvers were thrust under the noses of Louis and the Frenchman.

"What are ye fellers up to, anyhow?" demanded the taller of the two. "If ye think ye have got us, why, I'll just let ye know that ye ain't! There's nothin' but plain, ordinary cider in them barrels, an' ye hadn't ought ter been so fresh about scarin' our horses an' upsettin' us."

"Why, what's the matter?" stammered Rhoades. "I assure you, we never had any idea of causing your horses to run away. We are just plain, ordinary citizens taking a ride through this country in our automobile. We don't care whether it is cider or water that you have got in your barrels. If we have done you any damage, we are willing to pay for it."

"D ye mean what ye say?"

"Yes; what makes you think there is anything wrong about us?"

"Oh, narithin'," and both weapons were lowered a few inches.

"How much is the damages?" asked Louis, while the Frenchman sat still, pale with fright, as he was nothing short of a coward when there was any danger to be faced.

"I reckon twenty dollars will pay it. I'll take chances on Bill catchin' ther horses."

Young Rhoades pulled a twenty-dollar bill out in no time.

"Here!" he exclaimed, as he handed it over. "I take it that you fellows are moonshiners; and if you are, I want to give you a tip. There is a rig just like this one that we have got that is chasing me. The two young fellows in it are detectives. You want to look out for them, and if you can down them, so much the better it will be for you and us too."

"D'ye mean that, young feller?" asked the smaller man of the two.

"I certainly do," was the reply. "You can believe me or not, but what I say is true."

"Then we'll fix 'em, by gum!"

He took the bill from Louis as he said this, and the young rascal put his hand in his pocket and produced another of the same denomination.

"Here!" he exclaimed; "take this, and when you fix the two detectives see to it that you fix them so that they will not be able to overtake us with that machine of theirs. They are no good, and I want you to believe what I say."

"Why, we believe ye, all right," answered the taller man, as he examined the money, and then thrust it in his pocket. "Ye are all right, I guess, an' ye kin go on about yer business."

The Frenchman started the auto as soon as the words had left the man's lips.

"Good-night, and don't forget the detectives when they come!" sang out Louis.

"We'll do that, an' no mistake!" was the reply, and then with a burst of speed, the auto dashed out of hearing.

"Zey very rough mans, I think," remarked the Frenchman, as soon as he thought he was out of all danger.

"Yes, just rough enough for our purpose, I guess," returned Louis. "Franco, you are pretty good at putting up dirty jobs, but when it comes to facing a pistol, you are not in it with me."

Franco was the nickname Rhoades usually called his assistant, because he hailed from France.

"Zat ces all right," retorted Franco, "but a peestil zat is loaded I do not like, except I hafe it in my own hand."

"Well, I don't blame you much. We will let it go at that. But we have scored a great point by meeting those moonshiners, just the same. They will certainly make it hot for Harry Streeter and Dick Rumsen if they happen to meet them when they come along. One thing we know, and that is, they have got to come by this road."

"Zat ces so."

The two villains had brought some lunch with them, so they rode along till daylight, and then put up at a small town that they had not been booked to stop at. At ten o'clock they were off again, and half an hour later they crossed the border into Mississippi.

"Now for New Orleans!" exclaimed Louis. "If we don't get there ahead of Streeter, why, I will be willing to give up the race."

"Zere is days ahead of us yet," said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders.

"I know that, but they are very few."

"We can't tell vat ze other machine might do."

And they couldn't either, as the sequel will prove.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURED BY MOONSHINERS.

Harry felt that it would not do to get too far behind their rival, so a few minutes before three o'clock the next morning they started out.

For that particular part of the country the roads were in fair condition, and they were able to keep up a good gait.

Like their predecessors, they did not stop at the place they were scheduled to stop at. They were behind and what preparations the hotel man had made were paid for in advance, anyhow.

In spite of the fact that the Rhoades outfit had kept right on without a rest during the fore part of the night, the Flash made such good time that when the vicinity of the spot where the villains had frightened the team of horses of the moonshiners was reached they were only three hours behind.

It was getting daylight, and the boys were beginning to think of a good hot cup of coffee for breakfast. They saw that they were riding through a lonely part of the country, but they were keeping a sharp lookout.

Presently they came in sight of a team lumbering slowly toward them.

It was the identical team of the moonshiners which Louis Rhoades had come in contact with some three hours before, though our friends were utterly ignorant of anything being wrong about the team, or the load—and the drivers, too, for that matter.

Harry slowed up the moment he saw the approaching team. He did not want to frighten the horses.

The animals were very skittish, as they had just been caught and brought back a short time before, and they began to prance about at a great rate when they saw the automobile.

Thinking it best to do so, Harry brought the vehicle to a stop.

The team came prancing up with the lumbering wagon behind it, and just as it got within a few feet of the Flash, two men sprang from the wagon and approached our two friends.

They suddenly flashed a pair of revolvers in their faces, and one of them exclaimed:

"Git out of that thing, right away! You fellers ain't as smart as you think you are. You might have thought ye was goin' to arrest us, but ye have made a big mistake! We are going to learn ye a lesson for comin' down here to interfere with honest men."

Harry had his hand on his revolver at that very moment, but he saw that the men had the drop on them, so to speak, and he thought it best to argue the question with them.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in as cool a voice as he could command.

"That's all right, young feller. But we've been put onto ye, an' there's no mistake about it. Ye needn't think that every man in this part of the country is a violator of the law. Some one has got to learn a lesson for interferin' with us, an' I reckon you people are the ones that will learn it this trip."

It was the tall man who said this, and as the words left his lips he made a sudden grab and dragged Harry from the seat before he was aware of it.

Out upon the ground, flat upon his back, went the boy, and then the other man leaned forward and pressed his revolver squarely under the nose of Dick.

"You'd better git out, too," he said, in a voice that was full of meaning.

The boy was desperate, and as quick as a flash he pressed the trigger.

The report rang out on the still morning air, but the bullet flew harmlessly over the man's head. Dick had been too quick, and his aim was bad.

Before he could fire another shot the fellow turned the tables on him, and knocked the revolver out of his hand. Then he pulled him over the seat, and a hand-to-hand struggle followed.

But such a fight could not last long. The moonshiner was burly and strong, and in less than a minute Dick was overpowered and lying on the ground at the mercy of his conquerer, the same as Harry was.

The men had any quantity of rope, and soon the two boys were tied up in great shape. They could not move their hands, let alone use them.

"Go on!" said the tall man to the driver. "We ain't got nothin' to be afraid of now; we've got the birds."

"Help! Help!" cried Dick.

"Stop that!" and a big foot was raised above the boy's head in a threatening manner. "If you don't keep still I'll mash your brains out!"

Harry quickly realized that it would be useless to cry out.

"See here," said he. "You are making a big mistake. You are spoiling the biggest race that was ever run. Have you seen another rig like ours going this way?"

"What of it if we have?" was the surly reply. "You jest shut up, now. You are tryin' to pry into other people's business, an' that won't be tolerated with us. No, by jingo! this here rig you've got has got to be smashed, an' you two fresh roosters have got to be learned a lesson. I've said it, an' that settles it."

In vain did the boys expostulate. The men were determined, and meant to have it their own way.

As a last resort, Harry tried to frighten them.

"See here, my friends," he said, "the delay you are causing us may be the means of my father losing a hundred thousand dollars. And in case it does, don't you think he would see to it that you were punished for this work?"

"I reckon there won't be any punishin' done to us," was the reply he got. "Let's chuck 'em in ther wagon, Jake, an'

teach 'em a good lesson. They're pretty smart at their business for sich young fellers, but jest ther same, they ain't smart enough for us."

"Think well of what you are doing!" exclaimed Dick. "I promise you that you will be sorry for this. If you think we are detectives, you are very much mistaken. We are racing all the way to Arizona, with a rig similar to our own. If you met the other carriage and any one in it told you that we were detectives, they did it just to detain us, so they could get away ahead. We don't know who and what you are, nor is it any of our business. Can't you see into it?"

One of the men scratched his head; it was just possible that he believed what the boy said. But the other was bent on "learnin' 'em a lesson," as he put it.

The consequence was that the two boys were tumbled into the wagon along with the barrels of moonshine whisky, and the driver started off with them.

The two men walked on behind pushing the automobile.

Up a narrow and crooked lane they went for about a mile, and then the captives were lifted out to the ground.

It was pretty near broad daylight by this time, and as Harry and Dick glanced around them they saw that they were in a rather wild spot. A steep declivity was on their left, and on the right was a dense growth of shrubbery. Nothing that looked anything like a house or habitation was to be seen.

The team went on and was lost to sight in the woods almost immediately. The two men remained behind with their prisoners and the auto.

After a short whispered conversation, they turned to the boys.

"So you ain't detectives, hey?" ventured one of them.

"No," answered Harry. "We are just what we told you—two young fellows with a horseless carriage running a race to Arizona with another machine. Have you made up your minds to let us go?"

"Well, yes, we guess we will let you go, but we'll have to smash somethin' on your blamed machine first, so's you can't foller us."

As the man said this he picked up a stone weighing about twenty pounds and aimed it at the rear of the automobile.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLASH ARRIVES AT NEW ORLEANS.

"Drop that stone!"

The command rang out loud and clear, and with a start of surprise, the moonshiner turned and instinctively obeyed before he really knew where it emanated from.

The two boys, seated on the ground with their hands and feet tied, were as much surprised at the two men. But when they looked up a simultaneous cry of joy left their lips.

It was Jansen, the detective, they saw! He had walked from behind a clump of bushes and stood there with a revolver in each hand.

His eyes never left the faces of the two moonshiners, and in a voice that was full of meaning, he said:

"Untie those boys, and be quick about it!"

The taller of the men shuffled his feet uneasily.

"What are you goin' to do with us?" he asked.

"Untie those boys!" repeated the detective.

The fellow stepped forward to obey, and his companion was about to follow his example, when Jansen told him to stand right where he was.

"One of you can do the job, I guess," he added.

In less than a minute Harry and Dick were free. They arose to their feet and stood waiting to see what the next move would be.

"You are a fine couple, aren't you?" exclaimed the detective, looking hard at the discomfited men. "I ought to place you both under arrest, but as I have not the time to bother with such a proceeding, I want you to get away from here as quickly as possible. Move, now, and be lively about it!"

The faces of the men lighted up as though by magic.

"Thank yer, boss," said the shorter one. "We thought ye meant to take us with ye. We are only peaceful citizens, we are."

"Fine citizens, I should say! What were you going to smash that automobile for? And what did you capture and tie up these two boys for? If I only had the time to spare I would put you both where you would not have a chance to do such a thing again for a while. Move now, or I might change my mind."

The muzzle of the revolvers in the speaker's hands stared them directly in the face and they thought it best to obey.

With something that sounded like an apology, they made off in the direction the wagon had taken, and were soon lost to sight.

"They won't bother us any more," said the detective. "I am enough judge of human nature to know that they are not the sort who desire to get into trouble. It was lucky that I came around, though, wasn't it?"

"Yes," and Harry shook his head solemnly. "If you had not come just as you did our machine would certainly have been ruined."

"Well, you want to get a move on you. The Rhoades auto is increasing its lead all the time."

Harry now turned the automobile around and got in.

"All aboard!" he exclaimed. "Everything is all right. The men haven't interfered with a thing."

Dick and the detective obeyed, the latter keeping a sharp look around to make sure that the moonshiners were not coming back to make any further trouble.

Pretty soon they were riding down the lane as fast as the uneven ground would permit them. Then the detective informed them that he had dogged Louis Rhoades and the Frenchman about, and had finally overheard them conversing about how they had set up the moonshiners to hold up their rivals and teach them a lesson.

"It was a very good thing that I heard it," he added. "But as I am hired to look out for your interests in this race, it simply shows that I am doing my full duty."

When the main road was reached Harry let out the Flash, and they went spinning along through the fresh morning air at a high rate of speed.

Just over the boundary line in the State of Mississippi Jansen got out and took a train.

"I'll let you know how far ahead they are to-night," he said, as he bade them good-by.

Our friends were scheduled to stop at a town called Anston that night, and they knew they would have to hustle if they got there by midnight, as the roads were anything but excellent.

It was close to seven o'clock at night when they got there. The detective was there to meet them, and took charge of the Flash while they ate a hearty meal.

"They are over fifty miles ahead of you," he said. "If you want to beat them in to New Orleans you will have to run night and day till you get up with them."

"We'll do it, then," answered Dick. "You just go on ahead and make sure that we can get gasoline as often as we want it. It won't be such a hard thing to catch up to them, I think."

"I've got a road mapped out for you that is different from the one they are taking. I think you can make a gain of a few miles by following it," observed Jansen, and he drew a roughly made map from his pocket as he spoke.

Their course was almost due south to New Orleans, and the place where they were to eat and obtain gasoline was marked out, with the number of miles between them.

"I don't think your rivals will attempt to interfere with you between here and New Orleans," said Jansen. "They think they have a cinch, and will surely get there first."

"Well, if nothing happens out of the ordinary, they will be the most surprised pair of rascals in the State of Mississippi!" exclaimed Harry.

Dick said he was willing to back the assertion, and the detective simply told them to keep right at it.

Well, they did keep at it. They started right out, and luck was with them, for the first time since they left Philadelphia, it seemed. The detective had not made a single mistake in mapping things out for them, and before they were halfway to New Orleans the Flash was ahead of the Rhoades machine.

As soon as Jansen knew this to be a fact he told our hero and his chum, and, elated over their success, they resolved to keep right on.

The last quarter of the distance the machines would travel the same road, as it was the only highway that was really fit for an automobile to travel, let alone racing.

When the Flash struck this road they were ten miles ahead, though they did not know the exact distance.

But they were ahead, in spite of all their enemies had done to keep them behind, and that was sufficient to spur them on.

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon on a pleasant day when William N. Streeter and Benjamin Rhoades stood on the porch of the leading hotel in New Orleans. Neither of the men knew exactly where the racing autos were, or who was ahead, as they had seen nothing of them in three or four days.

But both were confident that his machine would be in first. Though there was really no love lost between the two men, they acted the parts of gentlemen, and chatted occasionally about the race.

The judge who had been selected for the great event was there with them, and he had just handed the two men his cigar case when a shout went up from somewhere down the street. The newspapers had published something about the race, stating that the autos would, in all probability, arrive in town that day, and a crowd had gathered about the hotel.

As the shouts went up the three men stepped forward and craned their necks. The next moment they beheld an automobile coming up the street.

Rhoades uttered an oath and strode into the bar of the hotel, while Streeter took off his hat and let out a yell that would have done credit to a schoolboy.

It was the Flash that was coming, and the smiling faces of Harry and Dick could be seen plainly enough by Streeter.

Whiz-whir! The "mobe" dashed up to the curb and came to a halt, while a cheer went up from a hundred throats.

"Three cheers for Streeter!" cried some one, and the cheering was renewed.

Harry and Dick, with their caps in their hands, stood up and bowed right and left. They certainly felt good over the fact of having beaten their rival into New Orleans.

Just as Streeter stepped forward to welcome the boys a handsome bouquet came from a window in the hotel and landed in the auto at Harry's feet.

The boy looked up and was just in time to see the face of a beautiful girl disappear from the window.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

The reception to Harry and Dick was a great one. Our hero's father was delighted beyond great measure, and he was now more confident than ever that the race would be won by the Flash.

The Rhoades machine did not show up till some three hours later, and if there was a disappointed and astonished young man it was Louis Rhoades.

"How do you suppose they ever got ahead of us, Franco?" he asked the Frenchman, as soon 'as he recovered from his surprise.

"I don't know, unless their machine is a faster one than ours," was the reply.

"They must have taken another road."

"Zat ees possible."

"Well, beating us into New Orleans is not beating us to Tucson."

"Zey vill nefer beat us into Tucson!" exclaimed Franco, gritting hard upon his teeth. "I vill swear to zat."

Harry sought the company of his father and explained all that happened, except the fact of the rival machine beating them to the city.

It is needless to say that a whole lot of plotting and planning was done. The Rhoades people were bound that they should not lose the race, even if human lives had to be sacrificed in order for them to gain their point.

"The wildest and most dangerous part of the whole route is now before you," said the elder Rhoades. "You will have road agents, greasers, cowboys and all sorts of reckless and daring people to contend with. I will go ahead and see if I can't fix things up so that your machine will not be bothered."

Rhoades knew what his father meant, so he simply nodded.

As it was optional with the racers about the time they left New Orleans, they concluded to go right on.

As soon as they had everything in good shape they did so, much to the surprise of our friends.

"Well, we can spare an hour yet, I guess," said Harry, who was anxious to meet the girl who had thrown the bouquet to him from the hotel window.

But the hour passed and his desire was not gratified.

It was now a trifle after three in the afternoon, and the boys figured on arriving at a town called Hahnville before they took a rest.

This place was between twenty and thirty miles distant, but the roads were anything but good, and they did not want to venture any further, for fear they would run out of gasoline.

Harry's father would now be at almost every place they stopped at until the race was won or lost. It was the same with Benjamin Rhoades. The race was getting more exciting every day, and he was going to keep right close to his son.

Hahnville was reached as soon as they expected. Jansen was there to meet them and informed them that the Rhoades had taken the chances of going on, leaving not more than half an hour before.

"I should advise staying right here," he said. "As far as I can learn, the roads are not fit to travel in the darkness. I am satisfied that you will gain by stopping right here till daylight to-morrow morning."

"We will do just as you say, then," replied Harry. "A good night's rest won't hurt us; besides, our machine needs a little overhauling."

The auto was thoroughly gone over, and on the advice of the detective a couple of additional gallons of gasoline were stored in it. He said they might need it.

It was a little after ten when the boys turned in, and at daylight they were awakened by Jansen, who had seen to it that their breakfast was waiting for them.

The sun was just showing itself above the horizon, when the Flash started out. The course they were to pursue now lay almost alongside a railroad, and would continue so until they reached the Texas border.

When they ran into the town they were to stop at for the night, what was their surprise to find that the Rhoades outfit had just got there. It had gained nothing by running during the night.

The journey to the Texas border line was made without mishap. The Rhoades people must have concluded not to show their hands just yet.

They were the first to cross into the Lone Star State, though the Flash was not over half an hour behind them. Both machines were good ones, and the result of the race really depended on those who ran them. True, there might have been a trifle difference in them were they put on a level stretch of road and sent along at their highest rate of speed. In a case of this kind Harry Streeter would be a winner nine times out of ten.

Harry received a telegram from his father stating that he had gone to Dallas, and would not see him again till the Flash got to that city. The telegram also stated that Streeter and Rhoades were going to stop at the same hotel.

"That is a sort of reminder that we ought to get there first," remarked Dick, as he read it.

"Well, we will make a big try for it, anyway," was Harry's reply.

They did make a try for it, but they were disappointed this time, for the auto broke down just as they overtook their rivals less than ten miles from Dallas.

The breakdown was nothing serious, but it was sufficient to delay them for an hour, and when they got ready to start again the Rhoades outfit was at the hotel.

But in spite of this temporary setback, the boys were warmly welcomed when they rode up to the hotel and turned the Flash over to Detective Jansen.

They had fixed their machine temporarily, and a machinist was required to make it a permanent repair. After dinner Harry and Dick went to the shop of a responsible man and got what they desired.

When they got back to the hotel the Rhoades machine had resumed the race, so they concluded to follow.

The ground they were now riding over was almost exactly level, and they found they could get up a good speed.

Just about dusk they came to a railroad crossing, and as they started to cross it a man came riding along on horseback, and yelled to them:

"Train wreckers have stopped a train just below here, and they are riding this way, after cleaning out the passengers and carrying off a young woman! Look out for them!"

Harry and Dick grew uneasy.

"What shall we do?" asked the former.

"Run in behind some bushes and wait till they pass," suggested his chum.

This seemed the only advisable thing to do. The horseman was now out of sight, evidently on his way to give the alarm of what had taken place.

There was a convenient place near by, so the next instant the automobile was run into it. Almost the same moment the sounds of horses' hoofs came to their ears. There appeared to be a whole lot of them coming, by the way it sounded, and instinctively the two boys got their rifles in readiness.

They thought it just probable that they might have to use them.

It was getting pretty dark, but they could still see objects to good advantage, and with bated breath they waited.

Nearer and nearer came the horsemen, and pretty soon they came in sight.

They were nearly all of them masked, and they rode fleet-footed mustangs.

Just as they got opposite the hidden auto the shrill scream of a female in distress came to the ears of Harry and Dick. It was so close to them that they could not help seeing who uttered it.

It came from a young girl who was tightly clutched in the arms of a horseman who rode a coal-black steed.

They both saw her plainly, but Harry saw more! In spite of the gathering darkness, he recognized the face of the girl as the one he had seen at the window of the hotel in New Orleans!

He knew he could not be mistaken, for the face had been haunting him ever since.

"Dick, we must rescue that girl!" he exclaimed to his astonished chum.

CHAPTER XII.

HARRY SAVES A GIRL.

Dick scarcely realized what his chum said before the automobile was swinging around the bushes and out into the road. The horsemen had just got past, and owing to the clatter of so many hoofs, none of them saw it.

Harry took good care that the man carrying the captive girl was next to the last one in line. A daring resolve came into his head.

He moved the lever a peg, and the auto swept alongside the coal-black steed with its double burden with the speed of a meteor! Then something happened that nearly took Dick's breath away. Harry reached out, and, catching the girl squarely about the waist, pulled her from her captor into the Flash.

It happened so quickly that the train robber did not realize what had happened till he saw the auto flitting by the line of horses with terrific speed.

"Hey! Shoot 'em!" he yelled. "Look out for their 'lectric carriage!"

The men ahead of him heard his shouts, and some of them turned in the saddle. But the automobile skimming along the edge of the road at such a high speed frightened them.

"The old boy is after us!" yelled the man who was in the lead. "Git out of this, boys!" and off to the right he dashed through an open prairie.

He being the leader, the rest followed quickly enough; that is, all followed but one. That one was the man who had been so neatly relieved of his captive.

The instant his companions got out of the way he raised his rifle and opened fire on the flying vehicle, which was now well ahead of him.

Crack! crack! crack! He fired three shots in rapid succession, and though the bullets whizzed near enough for them to be plainly heard, our friends were not hit.

The girl was too frightened to speak, and she sat on the floor of the vehicle, where Harry deposited her, like one in a dream.

"Shall I answer those shots?" asked Dick.

"No," our hero answered. "It is not necessary. We are around a curve, and they can never get near enough to harm us now."

The Flash went right back to the town they had passed through a short time before and came to a halt in front of a drug store.

The girl had fainted, and Harry thought it necessary that she should have medical aid at once.

It so happened that a physician was there, and he soon restored her to consciousness.

Then she told her story of the train hold-up and how she had been rescued.

"I was on my way to Phoenix, Arizona, with my father," she said. "I live there, and we are returning from a visit to New Orleans, where our relatives reside. When the train was stopped and the masked men came in our car, I seemed to be the person they wanted above all the rest. I suppose I can account for that, since I had been carrying my father's money—some thirty thousand dollars—for him since the start to return to our home. Some one in league with the train robbers must have found this out and communicated it to them. Well, to shorten the story, they took father's watch and what money he had, and then commanded me to give up what valuables I had on my person. I refused, and then they seized me and carried me off. I hardly know what happened after that, only that I was whisked off the horse the masked man was holding me on, and tumbled into the front of a carriage."

"I will explain the rest," spoke up Harry, modestly.

At the sound of his voice the girl gave a start.

"What!" she cried. "Surely it is not young Mr. Streeter, who is racing his automobile through the country on a wager of one hundred thousand dollars!"

"The same," replied our hero, blushing like a school boy.

"I am so glad, Mr. Streeter! Permit me to introduce myself. I am Myra Westfield. I heard all about you while at the hotel in New Orleans, and was there when you came in so far ahead of your rival."

"Very romantic," said the physician with an impatient shrug of his shoulders. "Young man, suppose you tell us something about the train wreckers. There are men waiting outside to find which way they went, so they can go in pursuit. There is either a bullet or a noose waiting for each of them, you know, and the quicker they are located the better it will be."

Harry saw the point, and he very quickly related just what had taken place.

The crowd outside the door were nearly all of them horsemen and naturally opposed to automobiles, but they learned how it had been the means of saving a young girl and thirty thousand dollars from a gang of villains.

"The train has backed into the depot," called out the druggist.

"We will take Miss Westfield there to meet her father, then," answer Dick.

The girl, who was now quite herself, accepted Harry's arm and Dick moved as far to the end of the seat as he could to make room for her.

The next minute twenty armed horsemen had started to hunt down the train robbers, and the Flash was on the way to the depot at a moderate pace.

Harry knew he was losing a whole lot of time, but he did not seem to care. It was quite evident that he had fallen in love with the girl, which was a dangerous proceeding just then, as it might be the means of his losing the race to Tucson.

When our friends got to the depot they found that the train had backed up purposely to let Myra Westfield's father off so he might make an effort to find her.

To describe the joy at seeing her smiling face once more would be taking up too much space. Suffice it to say that he was profuse in his thanks to the boys, and invited them repeatedly to come and see him as soon as the great race was over.

Myra and Harry talked in whispers, and it was plain enough to see they were making arrangements for another meeting in the near future.

"Lock the stable door after the horse is out," or something like it, is an old saying, and a true one, too. It was the case with this train, anyhow, for since they had been held up and robbed but a short time before, the officials concluded to send a posse of armed men the rest of the route, and though many of the passengers had lost their money and valuables, they felt safer for this precaution.

As the train pulled out Harry sprang into the automobile beside Dick.

"Now to make up for lost time!" he exclaimed.

"It is about time we got down to business," answered his chum.

"Oh, don't worry. We will get there. Do you know, Dick, I promised that girl I would surely win this race, and I wouldn't break that promise for anything."

"You are smitten," laughed Dick. "But take my advice and don't keep your mind on her too much until the race is over."

"Pshaw!" was Harry's answer. "Don't you worry about me. We are running through a wild part of the country now, and no one is better aware of it than I am. Just keep the rifles ready for use. We are going to catch up to the Rhoades outfit before three days have passed, even if we have to fight our way through to do it!"

The route they were following lay almost parallel with the railroad that ran into El Paso, near the border line of New Mexico. It was necessary that they should keep as near as possible to the railroad track, so they could always be in communication with Harry's father and the detective.

It was a long, tedious ride through the great Lone Star State, and in spite of Harry's prediction that they would overtake the Rhoades machine before three days had passed, they never saw it again until over a week later, and that was when they arrived at El Paso.

El Paso has a population of nearly fifteen thousand, and is quite a city. There are some fine hotels there, and at one

of the finest the backers of the great race were waiting for their respective automobiles to come in.

Strange as it may seem, the Flash caught up to her rival just as they were entering the city, and when they pulled up in front of the hotel the two automobiles were neck and neck.

CHAPTER XIII.

DANCING DICK.

"I can't understand how it is that they caught up to us," said Louis Rhoades, as he and his father and the Frenchman were closeted together a short time after the arrival at El Paso.

"They must have the faster machine of the two," answered the elder Rhoades with a frown. "Well, it is all settled that the rest of the distance will be run without any of these mutual-agreement stops. That will give you all the show in the world, as it is quite likely that the Streeter machine will be delayed several times before it is anywhere near Tucson. This is a peculiar country we are going to pass through. The people are peculiar, too, but they all know the value of money."

Benjamin Rhoades left at six o'clock that evening, after he had carefully studied the route the rival automobiles were to take.

Rhoades was a great gambler. He was a pronounced poker fiend, and always open for a game when the opportunity offered. He had been in several games since he left New York, and it was not long after he had started on the ride through Arizona before he was in another.

He began playing with three men who appeared to be strangers to one another, but as the game progressed he knew different. He was too high up in that business to be fooled in that fashion.

He quit the game before he had lost too heavily, for he found that he had no show.

A short time after that he got in conversation with one of the players. He was a tall, handsome fellow of a dare-devil make-up, but was a good conversationalist withal.

"I dropped out of the game because I saw I had no show," said Rhoades in answer to a question the stranger put to him. "I know the game all right, and I don't blame you people a bit. I'd play the same myself if I had the opportunity. But that game was nothing to what I am up against at this very minute."

"Tell me what game you are up against," said the stranger.

"I have got a hundred thousand dollars bet on an automobile race, and the money is up, too," was the reply. Then he told how the bet had been made, and how the race was progressing up to date.

"Well, I don't see what's going to stop you from winning," and his newly-found friend looked wise.

"Well, if nothing happens to the other machine, or the people who are running it, the chances are that I will lose."

"Why don't you see to it that something does happen to them?"

"See here!" exclaimed Rhoades, as he grasped the other's hand. "I can read a face pretty good when I see one, and it strikes me that you are a man after my own heart."

"Same here," was the rejoinder.

"What might your name be?"

"I am called Dancing Dick!"

As if he did not know exactly what effect the name would have on his hearer, he placed his hand on his hip pocket.

"What!" gasped Rhoades. "You surely don't mean it!"

"But I do, though."

"Why, according to this morning's paper you are supposed to be hundreds of miles from here."

"I know that; but I come around when least expected. I went to El Paso on business, and now I am on my way back to my haunts on business. I am always on business, my friend. Why, if you should make up your mind to give me away this very minute; you would find that I was on business."

"And I would be put out of business," added Rhoades, shrugging his shoulders uneasily.

"Quite right, my friend. Let me see, what did you say your name was?"

"Benjamin Rhoades."

"Oh, yes. Well, Mr. Rhoades, suppose I help you out of your present difficulty?"

"If it would not cost too much——"

"No cost, whatever, to you. I have taken a notion to you, and will do the business as a favor to you. I'll make enough out of the opposition party to pay me for my trouble."

"Put her there!" and the two men, both of them villains, shook hands.

"I hang out in the neighborhood of a place called Bowie, which is on the line of the railroad," said the Dancing Dick. "I have got twenty or thirty good men working for me, and I guess we can fix it so your son gets into Tucson with his automobile first. It might be that the other auto don't get there at all."

"That would hardly do," interposed Rhoades. "No! The other machine must get there, but not until after mine—that is the way I want it."

"Where are you going to stop next?"

Rhoades told him, and with a nod Dancing Dick said:

"Well, I'll stop off with you, if you have no objections. We can get better acquainted."

"No objections whatever."

By the time the place they were going to stop at was reached the two men were fast friends. Each had told the other as much as they cared to about themselves, and Rhoades learned that he had won the friendship of no less a personage than the notorious outlaw, Dancing Dick, who was the terror of a large portion of southern Arizona.

Deming was the name of the town where they were to stop till Louis Rhoades and the Frenchman came along with their automobiles, and when the two men got there they put up at the best hotel the place afforded.

William N. Streeter had gone on a hundred miles further to wait for the Flash, so the two villains had it all to themselves, or at least they thought they did. But Detective Jansen was around!

It was two days after they had put up at the hotel before there was any news of the automobiles. Then Rhoades received a telegram from his son, stating that they would be there some time the next day, and that they had seen nothing of their rival on the way.

Dancing Dick was now almost as much interested in the race as his friend. He was really anxious that the Rhoades outfit should win, and he meant that it should, even if a life or two were lost to accomplish that end.

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when Louis and the Frenchman rode in town. They had had a rough time of it, by the looks of the auto and themselves, and such was the fact, for the roads were awful bad in that section.

The elder Rhoades was elated when he found there was no signs of the Flash, but his face dropped an hour later when word was received at the hotel that their rivals had skimmed along the edge of the town that morning at daybreak, not even stopping for breakfast.

"We must start for Bowie at once," said Dancing Dick.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE CAVE.

The roads kept getting worse and worse after crossing the Rio Grande, but as Harry and Dick had known pretty well what they would have to contend with, they were prepared for what they were forced to experience.

Their rivals had started out a little ahead of them, going by the route their advance man had laid out for them, so our friends could not now tell where they were.

But they were not losing a moment. The end of the race was now fast getting in sight, and they were not going to run any risks.

Harry talked considerable of the girl he had rescued from the train robbers, but he did not show signs of neglecting his present duty on her account. If anything, the thought of meeting her at Phoenix as soon as the race was over spurred him on.

Sometimes the road the Flash was traveling dwindled down to nothing more than a trail, but they kept on, just the same.

Once they got stuck on a plain of arid sand, and in their efforts to get through the gasoline in the tank became exhausted.

Then it was that the two extra gallons they had on hand came in.

This lasted them until they were within two miles of the place where they were to store up, and they pushed the "mobe" in good-naturedly.

Jansen was here to meet them, and they were much surprised when he informed them that he had purchased a mustang, and was going to accompany them in the saddle.

"I can easily keep up with you over these roads," he said. "I think it is necessary that I should do this, so don't ask me any questions. I will be disguised as a cattle drover, or something of the sort, and will be on hand when I am wanted."

This was about a hundred miles east of Bowie. The detective had been watching the elder Rhoades and the friend he had picked up, and he was on the alert for danger.

But he did not know that the friend of Rhoades was the notorious outlaw, Dancing Dick! If he had his mouth would have opened with astonishment and visions of the many rewards would have danced before his eyes.

Our friends were now in a mountainous district, and travel was difficult with such a thing as an automobile.

Strange as it may seem, they could glean no tidings of their rivals, and that kept them guessing all the while.

Of course the judge of the race knew about where the autos were at the end of every twenty-four hours, as he was kept in communication with both parties. But he was a square man, and neither of them could learn anything from him.

Except the rivers they had to cross the autos must make the entire distance by their own power. This of course did not apply to breakdowns. In such cases their occupants were allowed to walk and push the machines to places where they could be repaired.

Neither of them had violated a single rule, so far. Our friends had not because they wanted to win the race fair or not at all; and the others had not because they were afraid if they did it might become known and disqualify them.

Both boys had been through the process of having their nerves tried several times on the trip, but they were destined to experience something real hard before they reached Tucson.

When darkness overtook them that night they were in a lonely spot that was as wild looking as could be. A towering cliff reared itself on one side and on the other was an apology for a grove of scraggy pines.

Not a sign of anything human or pertaining to it was in sight, and to make matters worse, a storm was coming up.

The spot was at least twenty miles from a railroad track, but it was the shortest and best route they were following so such things had to be put up with.

The wind whistled through the branches of the pines with a weird strain, and presently it began to rain.

Jansen, who was riding along in advance of the automobile, came to a halt.

"I don't think we can better ourselves by going any further to-night," he said, looking about in an anxious sort of a way.

"Just as you say," retorted Harry, bringing the Flash to a halt.

"But where can we stay around here? I see no place that will give us any sort of shelter, at all."

"There is a cave over there," said the detective, as he slid off his mustang. "I noticed it, and that is the reason I proposed to stop here."

"I see it!" exclaimed Dick, as he peered through the gathering darkness in the direction indicated by Jansen's finger.

"So do I, now," chimed in Harry.

He ran the auto up to the cave and found it was too small an opening to get it in out of the rain. But an overhanging ledge protected it considerably, the wind being the right way so the rain did not beat in that direction.

The grass was sparse and thin, but the mustang went at it in a contented manner when Jansen tied him to a sapling with a lariat. It was a tough animal, and used to going without its supper.

Dick took a lamp from the auto and threw a light in the cave.

It was dry and amply large enough to accommodate the three of them.

The detective appeared to know just what to do, for he scraped about and gathered enough wood that was dry and started a fire at the mouth of the cave.

"What are you going to do?" asked Harry.

"Make some coffee," was the reply. "I must have my coffee if I have got to put in a hard night. It will help me along amazingly."

"Why, we have no water."

"Oh, yes, we have. Give me one of those rubber coats."

Dick promptly handed one over to him.

It was now raining pretty hard. Jansen took the coat outside, and then driving four sticks in the ground, suspended it so there was a hollow left in the middle.

"We will have water soon enough," said he with a laugh, and then out came a small package, containing coffee, from his pocket.

Harry joined into the spirit of the thing now, and fishing out some canned chicken and salmon from their small supply of eatables he proceeded to open them. They had carried a tin ball with them from the start, and he handed this to Jansen to brew the coffee in.

Enough water was soon collected in the coat to answer their purpose, and then the coffee was soon steaming over the fire.

It might not have been the cleanest cup of coffee they had ever tasted, but it went very good just then, because they were hungry and tired out.

The canned stuff and the crackers they had tasted were simply fine, and all three managed to satisfy their appetites.

"Now, then," observed Jansen, as he lighted a cigar, "we might as well make the best of it. I have a pack of cards, and we can play pinochle to pass away the time."

This struck the boys as being a good idea, and they were soon at it.

"Suppose some one comes along and sees our light," ventured Dick, after they had been playing a while.

"Well, let them," retorted the detective. "It would not be pleasant for us to sit here in the dark."

But the words of Dick made an impression on him, for all that, and at the end of an hour he proposed to put out the lamp. The fire had gone out long before, so they were now in absolute darkness.

"Roll yourselves up in your blankets and go to sleep, boys," he said. "I will stand guard till two o'clock, and then you can both take my place. I can get all the sleep I want between that time and daylight."

After a little persuasion the boys followed his advice, as far as lying down was concerned, for they could not go to sleep right away.

But after awhile they did, and the detective sat there alone in the darkness, listening to the dropping of the rain and the sighing of the pine boughs overhead.

The hours slowly passed and at length it was after midnight.

As he blew out the match which had shown him the time by his watch, he started to go outside again.

He had scarcely got out of the cave when he heard the whinny of a horse near by. Instinctively he placed his hand on his revolver, while at the same moment his mustang gave an answering whinny.

Then something happened that even the ever-ready detective was not prepared for.

Two dark forms sprang upon him and bore him to the ground as quick as a flash.

He tried to utter a warning cry to the sleeping boys, but a brawny hand covered his mouth and another clutched him tightly by the throat. He was as helpless as a babe, and in that condition he was whisked away in the rain and darkness.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTURED BY OUTLAWS.

The detective was carried along for perhaps a hundred yards, and then placed on his back upon the ground. A gag was thrust into his mouth and a rope wound about his body several times and tied securely. Then a hoarse voice said:

"Jest keep still an' don't make any fuss, an' it will be all the better for yer."

Not being able to reply, Jansen simply moved his head to signify that he understood and would obey.

Though he could not see, he was conscious of the fact that there were more than two men about him, but just how many he could not conjecture.

For fully ten minutes he was left lying on the sand, the rain pelting him with full force, and then he heard horses approaching on a walk.

"All ready!" exclaimed a voice in a loud tone. "Tumble this fellow in the carriage along with the boys. We have got the thing tied so the front wheels can't veer around too much. But you have got to watch it. Some of you will have to ride on each side of it to keep it straight."

As Jansen was lifted up and placed in the automobile—for such it really was—he realized that the men had hitched a couple of horses to it. And the two boys and himself were to be carted away in it—prisoners.

Another command from the man who had spoken last and the horses moved forward.

They were forced to go on a walk, for the auto was inclined to act cranky.

After what seemed to be hours, though in reality it was scarcely one, the procession, if such it could be called, came to a halt.

In spite of the thoughts of what might be in store for them, our three friends breathed a simultaneous sigh of relief.

They heard the horses being led in somewhere, and then, after a wait of ten minutes, they were lifted out of the auto

and let down upon the ground in anything but a gentle manner.

Then their legs were liberated, and they were lifted to their feet.

"You will walk right along steady now, jest as though yer was goin' into a church on a Sunday mornin'!" said one of the men. "Be mighty careful that you step slow an' steady, or yer might wake up to-morrer mornin' an' find yerself in ther bottomless pit, along with ther feller they call ther devil!"

With a slow and careful tread the men walked along for perhaps thirty feet, their prisoners keeping step with them.

"We are all right now," said the man who had spoken before. "We are now in ther den of Daniel. Yer will hear ther lions roar directly."

The words had scarcely left his lips when a subdued roar went up from a score of throats. It was not the roar of beasts, but was made by men, as the detective knew only too well.

The next minute a lighted lantern flashed on the scene, and the three captives saw that they were in a high, natural cave of large extent. It was rudely furnished with wooden chairs and benches, with a table here and there, and looked the typical outlaw stronghold.

Another and another lantern flashed up, and soon they could see everything distinctly.

The detective's quick eye made out that one of the men was masked. The rest were a hard-looking lot, for the most part, though some of them were not much more than boys.

The masked man now approached them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am sorry we had to handle you so roughly, but duty compelled us to. The gags will now be removed, so you may be able to talk, as well as to listen."

A wave of his hand and the gags were taken from their mouths.

"Don't you think you have made a mistake in bringing us here, captain?" asked the detective as soon as he had the use of his tongue. "It is important that these two boys should start out at daylight with their automobile, and they need all the sleep they can get."

The masked man stared hard at Jansen as he said this. "So you think I have made a mistake, do you?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes."

"Well, I don't; I am perfectly aware of the fact that these boys should go off the first thing in the morning, but I don't see how they can, under the circumstances. You see, we people are in need of a few thousand dollars just about now, and as you are interested in a race for a hundred thousand, I don't see why we can't raise, say, ten thousand on the strength of holding you up for a few hours."

"Well, send a man with me, and I will get the ten thousand at once."

"Oh, to-morrow morning will do," and the masked man yawned as though he was sleepy.

In spite of the cool manner he had been assuming, the detective showed signs of uneasiness. He had not decided yet whether they were really being held for a ransom, or whether it was a job put up by the Rhoades people to delay the boys in the race.

The masked man now turned abruptly on his heel and walked away. He plainly showed that the interview was at an end, as far as he was concerned, anyway.

"Boys, we are in for it," said Jansen, turning to Harry and Dick.

CHAPTER XVI.

RHODES AND THE FRENCHMAN MEET WITH AN ADVENTURE.

When our three friends were captured by the outlaws the Rhoades automobile was some twenty-five miles behind. The Frenchman had taken the road that lay north of the railroad track, instead of the one to the south.

But it was not his fault, as that is the way their advance man had mapped it out for them.

It was a bad piece of road—decidedly bad. It was the nearest route to Bowie, though, and Louis' father wanted them to get there as quickly as they could.

It was a series of breakdowns all the way to the spot where we find them twenty-five miles behind the Flash. Night was rapidly approaching, and a storm was coming up. The two men were trying hard to get a tire on the left front wheel before it got dark.

The Frenchman was doing a whole lot of cursing in broken English, and Louis was in a great rage.

"Confound it!" he cried. "Here we are in some part of the country we know nothing about, and not a human being in sight. We are in a pretty mess, Franco. But hurry! Let's get this tire on, for it is beginning to rain."

In five minutes more they had the tire on, and the Frenchman was inflating it with a powerful pump they carried with them.

It was now quite dark, but the two lights they carried were good ones, so they determined to keep right on at a slow pace.

So slow did they have to travel that they only made about five miles the first hour, and they knew they would have to go at least thirty before they would be able to find shelter.

Another hour and they were only three miles further, as one of them had to continually foot it ahead to pick out the way for the automobile.

They were going up an ascent now, Franco walking ahead and calling out which way his companion should steer to keep clear of the rocks, occasionally raising his shrill voice to a very high pitch and repeating French oaths.

Suddenly a yell for help came from him, and then Louis heard him no more.

With great beads of perspiration breaking out on his brow, the young rascal brought the auto to an abrupt halt.

"Franco! Franco!" he called. But there came no answer to his anxious ears.

Tremblingly young Rhoades got out of the auto, taking his revolver from his pocket as he did so.

"He has fallen over a precipice, or else some one has seized and gagged him," he muttered. "I really hope the latter is the case, for then there will be some chance to use a little money to make things right."

Taking one of the lamps from the vehicle, he started slowly forward to investigate.

A moment later his feet were yanked from under him and he went shooting down an incline at the rate of a mile a minute.

But it was only a distance of twenty or thirty feet, for all that, and then he brought up with a jar that nearly shook him apart.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came softly to the young man's ears, and then he made an attempt to rise to his feet. He had just succeeded in getting on them when they were jerked from under him, and down he went flat on his back.

"Ha, ha ha!" Again the laugh came to his ears.

Louis was now angered more than anything else.

"See here!" he exclaimed. "If this is a joke I want you to understand that I don't appreciate it. Please state just what the difficulty is, and what I am required to do in order to get out of this pit and go on about my business."

"That's sensible talk, young feller," came the reply. "Well, you are in ther hands of what some people calls road agents. One of my men located yer about ten miles back here, an' we got ready for yer. We ain't had all ther fun we expected to have, though, for we expected to see that blamed horseless carriage come down here right after ther foreigner's foot was hooked with the lariat. My! but wouldn't it have gone to smash, though!" and this time there came a hearty laugh from a number of men.

"Meester Louis! Take me out of here! Ze strain ees so terrible zat I vill go crazed!"

It was the voice of the Frenchman that came to Louis' ears now. Franco appeared to be in an awful fright, and no doubt he meant just what he said.

This was fun, of course, for the concealed men, and their loud guffaws sounded on the ears of Rhoades like the grating of a number of files. He was getting exasperated, and the Frenchman's cowardice made him worse.

But he controlled himself by a great effort, and when the laughter had subsided he said:

"How much do you want to set us at liberty and set us on the right road to the nearest town?"

"Now you are talkin' business," was the answer. "But there ain't no use in doin' it now, as nothin' kin be done afore daylight. This road are one of them shiftin' ones, you might have read about. Every time a heavy rain comes it changes. I wouldn't risk travelin' to-night for a whole lot of money."

While the man was talking Louis was removing the noose from about his ankles.

"Well, if we must stay here till daylight you might as well make it a little pleasant for us," he said in as cool a tone as he could command.

As he ceased speaking he lighted a match and opened the face of the lamp which he had clung to in his descent. The jar had extinguished the lamp, but it was not injured otherwise, and as the nervy young villain threw its rays about the

put he had been trapped into, he could not see a soul besides himself in the place.

"You are a fine lot of people," he observed, rising to his feet. "Franco, where are you?"

"Right here, Meester Louis," came the quick reply from a point at his left, and at the same instant a ray of light shot out.

"Come on!" exclaimed the voice of the leader of the road agents. "But be mighty keerful, an' don't try to do anything funny, for if you do we will make a horseradish grater out of yer!"

"I am not going to do anything funny," was the reply. "I am anxious to make the acquaintance of all such people as you. I have got moonshiners for my friends, and I don't see why I shouldn't have road agents. Why, just think of the stories I can tell my old chums when I go back to New York!"

"If yer are from New York, why, put her there!" exclaimed the leader, coming from behind an angle of rock and putting out his hand.

Louis shook it as warmly as his nature would permit, and then allowed himself to be ushered into the presence of the gang of villains.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR FRIENDS ESCAPE.

The two boys and the detective were conveyed to a corner of the cavern and there left to their own reflections.

When Jansen said they were in for it, he really thought that such was the case. His only hope was to outwit the outlaws and get out by strategy, for he was doubly satisfied that it was a job put up on them by the Rhoades people.

"I was caught napping," he said to the boys, as the three of them sat on the hard stone floor with their hands tied behind them. "This is all my fault, and if it is the means of making you lose the race I shall never put myself forth as a detective again. If I don't get you out of this, in fact, I will feel like committing suicide!"

"You people keep right on talking," said Dick. "I am engaged in doing something else just now. I am working my hands free."

"You are!" exclaimed the detective.

"Yes; my wrists are pretty thick, and I am sure I can slip these bonds in another five minutes. Keep right on talking."

Dick knew just what he was doing, and in less than the predicted time his hands were free.

But of what use were they to him just then? Less than twenty feet from him were four outlaws sitting at a table drinking and smoking. They fairly bristled with weapons, and our friends were without even a knife, as everything in that line had been removed from them when they were captured.

But things looked brighter as the hours wore on.

One by one the men left the tables and sought another part of the underground hangout, where they slept.

Only two men remained in the big chamber, and these were the ones left to keep a watch on the prisoners.

Shortly after all but the two guards had left the cavern the detective called out:

"Can't you men glve us a drink of water?"

"I reckon so," was the gruff reply. "I don't know as I want ter see any suffer for ther want of a drink of water."

He went and got a jug and brought it to them.

Then it was that the three played their parts to perfection. Jansen was the first to get a drink, and he took a good one, so as to tire the man as much as possible.

Harry came next, and while the jug was being held to his mouth the detective deftly slipped a revolver from the man's belt.

"That water tastes good," he said, and as soon as he said it Harry grabbed the revolver on the other side and pressed it against the temple of the astonished outlaw.

"Not a whisper, or you die!" he exclaimed in a low tone.

But the other guard heard him, and turned quickly to find himself facing a revolver in the hand of Jansen.

While Harry and Jansen kept the two outlaws covered Dick securely bound and gagged them with the identical ropes they themselves had been tied up with.

"Now to get out of this place," observed Jansen. "Come on! We can't afford to tarry too long."

He led the way across the floor of the cave with a cat-like tread, and in a moment they were at the place where they had been compelled to walk with such a cautious and even step.

A dimly burning lantern sat on the ground, and without any hesitation Harry picked it up. As he did so his eyes lighted on a stack of rifles standing in a corner.

As noiselessly as a mouse he approached them and took three from the stack that was there. Then, lantern in hand, he started to find the dangerous place they had been compelled to cross on entering the cave.

He soon found it, and saw that it was a narrow ledge as straight as a die, but only eighteen inches in width. On one side was a perpendicular wall of rock, and on the other a yawning chasm.

The boy shuddered as he thought how near they had been to death.

With great nerve he stepped on the ledge and began making his way across with soft but measured tread.

The detective came next, and then Dick.

Though the distance was short, it seemed to be a long way to them. One misstep and that would have been the last.

As Harry felt the rain beating down on his head and stepped upon solid ground outside almost the first thing he saw was their automobile.

It was right where the outlaws had left it after taking the captives out, and if there was ever a glad mortal it was Harry Streeter at that moment.

"Let us get to the road as fast as we can!" he exclaimed.

Two minutes later they were at the foot of the hill. Then they started to hoof it along, so as to get as far away from the spot as they possibly could by daylight.

It was a remarkable escape they had made, and the boys gave the credit to the detective.

The next four or five hours were pretty tough ones, but they put them in with a happy feeling. They were thinking of what it might have been.

As soon as it was light enough the boys got the auto in shape and all hands got in. They were on some sort of a road that led to the westward, and it made no material difference whether it was the same one they had been traveling or not.

Late that afternoon they reached the town of Bowie, and hungry and weary they put up at the hotel that had been engaged by them.

"We are here almost a day ahead of time, in spite of our adventure last night," said the detective, after the Flash had been placed in a safe place. "Now we can take things easy till to-morrow. You boys turn in early, but I have got a little work to do to-night. I must earn my salary, you know."

Harry and Dick did turn in shortly after supper and soon they were getting the rest they were so much in need of.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DEAD SHOT IS HIRED.

The detective left the hotel shortly after Harry and Dick retired. He had an important mission to do.

Jansen felt it to be his duty to find out just what part the elder Rhoades was playing in the plot to keep his employer from winning the hundred thousand dollars.

He was quite sure that Benjamin Rhoades was in Bowie, and he was now going to find out.

When he left the hotel he was disguised. He had a quick way of changing his appearance, as nearly every coat he owned was a reversible one. And false beards, mustaches, etc., he had in plenty.

It was a little before nine when Jansen strolled out on the principal street, smoking a good cigar and apparently taking life easy.

Bowie is what might be called a "hot town," and on this particular night it was more than lively.

About fifty cow-punchers had gathered there, and each one of them was bent on having a big time that night.

The detective might have been taken for a stock raiser, a herder, or anything else. He had the appearance of a business man who resided in that section of the country.

He entered the barroom of the sporting house in an easy, careless manner, and, after purchasing a drink and a cigar, strolled carelessly about the place.

He had not been there over fifteen minutes when a horseman galloped up to the front of the resort and dismounted.

This was not an uncommon occurrence, but the detective walked to the door, just the same.

And he was glad he did so, for if he was not very much mistaken, the man who had just dismounted was no other than the captain of the outlaws who had captured him and the two boys so neatly the night before.

At any rate, the man had his figure and general appearance. All Jansen wanted was to hear him talk.

He was not kept waiting long, for in a braggadocio style the horseman entered the barroom and ordered drinks for the house.

"That's my man!" exclaimed Jansen under his breath.

He took a drink with him, along with the rest of the crowd, and the newcomer did not kick when he was told that the bill amounted to twelve dollars and sixty cents.

"Who is that man?" asked Jansen of a roughly-dressed fellow who stood near him.

"Mosby, the rancher," was the reply. "He's got any amount of coin."

While Jansen was talking to the man, who should walk into the place but Benjamin Rhoades!

Rhoades walked right up to the man called Mosby, and the two shook hands in a very friendly manner.

"Ah!" muttered the detective, "now I know I am right."

Mosby was no other than Dancing Dick, the outlaw. He was living a double life, but no one had been smart enough to find it out as yet.

"Let us have a drink," said Jansen to the fellow he had been talking to, and he moved up close enough to hear what Rhoades and Dancing Dick were talking about.

"So they got the best of you, did they?" he heard Rhoades say.

"Yes, I'll admit that they must have been pretty cute to do it, too."

"Well, you can blame it to the man Streeter hired to look after his son's interests. No one else could have done it."

"Well, there was a life lost by it, for I shot one of the guards because he could not explain how they escaped to my satisfaction."

"You did!" and Rhoades turned just a trifle pale.

"Yes, but I don't suppose I should talk about such things in a place of this kind. Some one might hear me."

"You are right. Well, my rival has beat me into this town, and I can't find out where my boy is for the life of me."

"Well, don't worry over it. You will get to Tucson first all right. The two boys who are running the other machine will get in a muss with some drunken cow-punchers to-morrow morning when they are ready to start, and something will happen that might delay them considerably. I expect to see a man come in at any minute who is a dead shot. I will hire him to shoot both boys in their right arms. What do you think of that for a scheme?"

"Great!" exclaimed Rhoades, his eyes sparkling from the thoughts of certain success now. "A wounded arm won't injure them much, but it will keep them from winning the race, though. Who could Streeter get to run the auto out here in this part of the country?"

"No one that I know of."

The two villains had been conversing in low tones, and the detective had been keeping the conversation going with his man; but in spite of these facts, he had heard every word that had been said.

He walked back to a position near the door and then prepared to wait for the man who was such a dead shot to appear. He wanted to see this man, but not until after Mosby, the rancher, had hired him to do the shooting the next morning.

Luck was with Jansen, it seemed, for in less than half an hour a man came in whom he rightly judged to be the dead shot.

He was a tall, slim, reckless-looking personage, with an eye like a hawk.

Dancing Dick seemed glad to see him, and promptly introduced him to his friend from the East.

When they parted company the detective followed the dead shot until he was a couple of blocks away from the place.

Then he walked up and touched him on the arm.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I understand that you are the champion shot of Arizona."

"Well, you might put it that way, though I don't claim jest that," was the reply. "What might be your business with me?"

"Oh, I would like you to cripple a couple of people for me to-morrow morning—just put the mout of business for a few days, you know."

The dead shot gave a start and looked at Jansen keenly.

"What are you drivin' at?" he asked.

"Let us go somewhere and talk in private, and I will tell you."

The two went to a quiet place and talked for about half an hour.

When the detective bade the man good night and started for his hotel there was a satisfied smile on his face.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The sun had scarcely raised itself above the horizon the next morning when Harry and Dick were in front of the hotel with their automobile ready to start.

About half a dozen horsemen were there—the most of them rough, reckless-looking fellows—and among them was Detective Jansen in disguise.

The man known as Mosby, the rancher, was also there, and near him stood the dead shot he had hired to put the two New York boys out of business.

Everything being in readiness for the start, Dick got into the auto. Harry was just about to follow suit when a sudden row broke out among a group of bystanders. Angry words rang out on the still morning air and revolvers were drawn.

Mosby, alias Dancing Dick, ran around in front of the auto, so he was exactly between the dead shot and our young friends. Then he fired two shots with his revolver, both of them going over the dead shot's head.

This was the cue for the man to get in his work and cripple the boys in their arms.

But he did not do it. He fired two shots, though, and one of them hit Dancing Dick's left ear, taking a piece of it off; the other took off the end of Benjamin Rhoades' little finger of his right hand as neatly as it could have been done with a cleaver.

Rhoades dropped to the ground with a scream of agony and the outlaw captain clapped his hand to his wounded ear and stared at the dead shot, the picture of mute surprise.

Jansen galloped off down the road, and the next instant the Flash was following him. Dancing Dick recovered in time to open fire on them before they were out of range, but his aim was wild and they were not hit.

As might be supposed, a genuine row started after this, and after he had emptied his revolver by grazing the outlaw's other ear and clipping a few locks of hair from his head, the man who turned the tables on the scheming villains galloped along in the wake of the now flying auto.

The boys kept their machine even up with the detective until they were well out of Bowie, and then they slackened speed to allow the dead shot to come up.

As Jansen had paid him all he had promised for the work he had done, he was surprised to see him following them.

"What is the matter, my friend?" he asked.

"Oh, I jest wanted to ask you to let me go with you to ther end of ther race," was the reply. "You know it won't be very healthy around Bowie for me for a while. Mosby has a whole lot of friends, an' some of them might catch me nappin' an' let daylight through me for ther trick I played. Say!" and he leaned close to the detective's ear and whispered a few words.

Jansen gave a start of surprise, and then seized the man by the hand and shook it warmly.

"You can go with us," he said. "When the race is over we will go in on shares. What is your name? I want to introduce the champion revolver shot of Arizona to the manipulators of the champion automobile of the world."

"Compliments are flyin' as fast as bullets this mornin'," laughed the man. "Well, my name is Dingo Jack, leastwise that's what I am called. I'll admit that I kin generally hit ther mark I aim at, but I ain't bad, for all that. I've never dropped a man unless it was in self-defense, an' I never took a cent nor an ounce of horseflesh that didn't belong to me in my whole life."

"Well, Dingo Jack, these boys are my friends, Harry Streeter and Dick Rumsen. They are going to get to Tucson ahead of their rivals, but it must be done by fair means."

"I understand," was the reply, and then Dingo Jack bowed to the boys.

Dingo Jack knew the roads that led to Tucson pretty well, and he went ahead with Jansen to pick out the best route for the auto to follow.

They were winding their way slowly up a mountain ridge now, and it required coolness and judgment to keep the machine from turning over every now and then. Sometimes they were forced to go within a foot of the edge of a yawning precipice, and very often boulders had to be rolled aside in order to let them pass.

When the party of four halted at noon to rest and refresh themselves they were in a wild and picturesque spot. The scenery was not as beautiful as some of the mountain aspects they had beheld in the East, but there was a certain degree of extreme loneliness about it. On the left at the foot of the

place they beheld an arid plain which extended as far as the eye could see: directly in front of them was an apology for a forest of scraggy oak and pines, and to the right was a cactus plain. The cacti reared their prickly leaves as high as six feet in many instances: the majority of the plants being ugly and deformed. There was no sign of water anywhere about, and that was what the detective was looking for.

When he spoke about it Dingo Jack assured him that they would find a stream before night.

The animals wanted a drink the worst way, but there was no helping it, and after they had eaten a lunch our friends got ready to move again.

About three in the afternoon they came upon a tiny stream of ice cold water. It trickled down a rock and lost itself underground through a fissure.

All hands went for the water eagerly, and when the horses were rested a little they were given a chance to quench their thirst.

There was a yawning chasm right near them, and as Dick Rumsen crept to the edge to peer over the ground caved, and with a shriek he pitched headlong out of sight.

CHAPTER XX.

A GAME OF DRAW.

The road agents had pretty comfortable quarters under a huge ledge of rock, and Louis Rhoades and the Frenchman proceeded to make themselves at home as soon as they came to a perfect understanding with the leader of the gang.

The night passed, and when daylight came young Rhoades urged the lawless men to put them on the right road and go with them to the next town.

At length the leader consented to take one of his men with him and go as far as Bowie with the outfit, guaranteeing that he would show them the way that would bring them there in the quickest possible time that could be thought of.

"You will be well paid for your trouble," said Louis, when they started out, after a rather meagre breakfast had been eaten.

The men did their very best, but it was not until twenty-four hours after the arrival of our friends that they got into Bowie.

Benjamin Rhoades was there to meet them, chafing like a mad bull. His wounded finger was tied up, and though it had been a mere trifle, he was suffering great pain from it.

When his son heard what had happened, he was more than astonished.

"Father, we are surely beaten," he said.

"Not much!" cried the other. "We will not be beaten, even if young Streeter has to be killed in order to make us win. Some trusted men left here this morning to head them off and prevent them from getting into Tucson ahead of you."

"Trusted men, you say?"

"Yes," and then the father related what had occurred that morning before the Flash resumed the race.

"Then they outwitted the outlaw captain, after all?"

"Yes. That confounded man they have traveling with them did it. If it was not for him they would be miles behind in the race.

"Well, do you advise us to go on to-night and try to gain some of the time we have lost?"

"No; take it easy. We must depend entirely on Dancing Dick. You may take the two men who brought you here with you on the rest of the journey, if you desire. They may be of great benefit to you, since they are thoroughly acquainted with the country. Here are two five-hundred dollar bills. Give them each one. That ought to satisfy them."

Louis took the money. He knew the two road agents would be more than satisfied with it.

The inhabitants of Bowie were just as curious to see the Rhoades machine as they had been that of our friends, and the next morning when the young villain and his French assistant were getting ready to start a crowd had gathered about the hotel.

The two road agents started out with them, and the race to overtake the Flash began.

The road agents proved to be convivial companions. They liked liquor, and neither Louis nor Franco were averse to it. The consequence was that they brought lots of it along.

When they halted that night all four of them were in anything but a sober condition. They sang snatches of songs and otherwise made themselves appear ridiculous.

But they had made pretty good headway during the day, and had really gained about an hour on our friends.

If it had not been for the stimulant he had been imbibing during the day it is possible that young Rhoades would have become disgusted with the rough mountain roads. But as we have stated, the two villains they had hired to go with them to the end of the journey proved convivial companions. One of them went by the name of Leeks and the other was called Dan—Captain Dan, for he was the leader of the gang who had trapped Louis and the Frenchman.

Being thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the country they were traveling through, Captain Dan and Leeks had not much difficulty in locating a mountain cave that would make a pretty fair place for them to lodge in during the night.

They were soon installed in it with a rousing fire going near the mouth of the cave. When supper had been finished the captain pulled a deck of cards from his pocket and suggested that they have a game of draw poker, just to pass the time away.

Of course, his companion knew all about the game, and so did the Frenchman; and, in spite of the fact that he was a young man, it was many a dollar that Louis Rhoades had lost at the game.

"Ze American game of poker!" exclaimed Franco. "Zat ees a fine game. I vill play ze fifty-cent ante and ze five-dollar limit."

As the elder Rhoades had given both his son and his assistant a few hundred dollars before they set out that morning, they were pretty well "heeled," to use a slang expression, and a game of poker was just to their liking.

A place was cleared in the center of the cave and the lamps from the auto placed so they would shed their light to the best advantage.

The road agents each had five hundred dollars, and they felt that they might be able to double it, for they were of the sort who do not think it wrong to beat a friend in a game of cards, even when they used cheating to do it.

They cut the cards and the man called Leeks won the deal. Then the game started in earnest.

The captain took in the first pot—about fourteen dollars, and the Frenchman dealt the cards. When Captain Dan picked up his cards he found he had four kings and an ace.

He drew one card, just to make it appear that he was trying for either a full-house, flush, or straight.

All four took cards, and then young Rhoades started things going with a five-dollar bet.

The captain saw him, and went five better, and then Leeks met the ten and went five better.

Louis hesitated for a moment, and then tossed a twenty-dollar bill in the heap.

"Five better!"

And so it went, one after the other raising the pot until finally there was nearly three hundred dollars lying before them.

The game was getting decidedly interesting.

But it was a mere nothing to Rhoades. He was the son of a millionaire, and he had lost much more in one night than was in that pile.

He kept right on raising it every time it came his turn, and so did the other three players.

Captain Dan was getting nervous. He had four kings, and as he had discarded an ace, he knew there could not be four aces against him. Consequently it would take a straight flush to beat him. But straight flushes were rare things, and he felt that it was not possible that there was a hand out that would beat his.

Leeks had four ten-spots in his hand, and he began to grow suspicious. He felt that there was certainly something out that would beat him. So he dropped out at the next raise and laid down his hand.

Franco promptly raised it again and the captain followed suit. Then he looked hard at Rhoades. But, nothing daunted, Louis again sent it up a five-spot.

Captain Dan came to the conclusion that it had gone far enough, so he simply threw down a five-dollar bill, and said:

"I've got a pretty good hand, but I am going to call you."

"So will I," chimed in Louis. "What have you got?"

"I have ze four liddle aces!" and the Frenchman spread his cards out where all could see them.

The captain of the road agents gave a violent start. Then his eyes flashed with an angry gleam.

"No, you ain't got any four aces!" he cried, drawing his revolver. "I discarded an ace, so you can't have four of 'em. I reckon there ain't five in this pack. I've got four kings, an' I had 'em cold. Ther pot is mine!"

"No, it isn't," said Louis Rhoades, calmly. "It is mine. I have a straight flush of clubs."

"Take in ther pot, then," retorted the road agent, after he had looked and found that the young man really had what he said. "Take in the pot, but that don't settle ther difference between ther Frenchman an' me. I discarded an ace, I tell you, so how could he have four?"

"If you discard an ace zen it must be in ze discard. Look and see if it ees so," answered Franco, trembling slightly at the sight of the revolver in the hand of the angry man.

The captain picked up the cards that had been discarded and turned them face up. A look that was half disappointment, half surprise came over his countenance. There was no ace there.

"Well, I'll bet my life that I discarded an ace!" he exclaimed. "How it got in your hand I don't know. Let me have the whole deck."

No one objected, so he took the cards and counted them. There were just fifty-two. Then he turned them all face up and found them to be correct.

"Are you sateesfied that you make ze mistake?" ventured the Frenchman.

"No, not by a jugful!" was the reply. "I won't be satisfied till I have searched your clothes."

"I vill give you ze privilege."

He arose to his feet and held his hands above his head and the captain made a thorough search of his person. But there was not the least sign of a playing card to be found.

The villain was much puzzled, and scratched his head.

"Well, I s'pose it is all right, but I wasn't mistaken, just ther same," he said.

That broke up the game, and soon all hands were apparently in the best of humor again.

Something like an hour later the two road agents went out to see that their horses were all right before they turned in.

"Leeks," said the captain in a whisper, "what did you think of that?"

"I thought it was pretty rotten on us," was the reply. "That Frenchman must be a sleight-of-hand feller."

"I think that the two of them put up a job on us to get the money they paid us back."

"It does look that way."

"What do you say if we flim-flam 'em? They ain't anything to us, you know."

"I'm agreeable," and Leeks nodded vigorously.

"We'll do it!"

The two villains shook hands, and then went back to the cave and lay down on their blankets.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NUGGET OF GOLD.

As Dick Rumsen felt himself going over the cliff he grasped wildly about for something to save him. But it was in vain. There was nothing for him to seize, and down he went.

He full fully twenty feet, and then struck a dwarf oak that grew out from the face of the cliff. He made a grab with both hands the instant he felt his body touch the tree, and succeeded in getting hold of a branch.

Though his arms were nearly jerked from their sockets, he held on. But the sudden strain on the little tree had proved a trifle too much for it, and it was slowly giving way at the roots.

"Help! Help!" shouted Dick. "Throw a rope down—quick!"

His cries did not go unheeded, for the next instant Dingo Jack was on hand with his lariat, and down came the end of it to the boy.

Dick reached out his hand to seize it, but he was too late, for at that moment the roots of the tree gave way.

A shriek of despair issued from the lips of Dick, and then—

His feet struck squarely on a flat surface.

When the tree gave way he did not drop over a foot. There was a narrow ledge directly beneath it, and his body had swung inward at the opportune moment.

He let go the tree instantly, and it went crashing to the bottom of the chasm.

Pale and speechless from the peril he had undergone, the boy stood on the ledge. There was just room enough for him

to stand there, too, for another inch and there would not have been room for his feet.

In a few seconds his full senses returned to him, and then it was that he looked around. He could not see the place he had fallen from, as he was in a sort of niche, and as he breathed a sigh of relief he thought that it was nothing short of a miracle that his life had been saved.

He placed his hands against the rocky wall to steady himself, and as he did so something bright and shining caught his eye.

It was a nugget of virgin gold! Such was really the case, though the boy was not sure of it.

He placed his fingers on it and it came out of the rock into his hand.

There were more of the glittering pieces to be seen, but Dick had no eyes for them. He had now recovered the use of his tongue, and in a loud voice he called out:

"Hello, up there!"

"Hello!" came the reply in a voice of astonishment. "Are you alive?"

"Yes. Let that rope down a little farther, and when I give the word haul up."

Down came the lariat in a jiffy, and, seizing it, Dick wound it about his body and made a knot. He was not going to take any more chances.

"Now pull me up!" he shouted, and as he felt the rope tighten he swung himself off the ledge.

There were three pairs of strong arms at the other end of the lariat, and in much quicker time than might be supposed Dick was drawn up to a place of safety.

He sank down upon the ground in a half fainting condition, and his friends seized him and drew him farther away from the edge of the dangerous place.

It was fully five minutes before he was able to speak, for the reaction had been so great that he lay completely exhausted.

Then he proceeded to explain just how he had been saved.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Harry. "Dick, if you should have been killed I should never have felt like going back to New York. I am so glad that you are here that I can't express myself."

After a whole lot of this sort of talking had been gone through Dick suddenly remembered the nugget he had taken from the face of the cliff.

"Look what I found down there," said he.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Dingo Jack, darting forward. "That's gold, or I'm a livin' sinner!"

"It is nothing else," averred the detective, as he took the shining lump in his hand and examined it. "Dick, you are in luck, even if you did pretty near lose your life."

"We'll mark this place," said Dingo, after a pause. "When our great race is over and won I'm comin' back here. I know a good thing when I see it."

"So do I," chimed in Jansen. "I will come back with you."

CHAPTER XXII.

DINGO JACK AT WORK.

By nightfall the Flash had reached the top of the range and started down the other side. Dingo Jack advised a halt as soon as it was too dark to see good, and the halt was made.

It did not take them long to find a suitable place to camp for the night, and when the automobile had been backed snugly against a perpendicular wall Harry and Dick assisted Jansen and Dingo to get things in order.

"We can't tell how soon some loafers might come along an' try to do us damage," said the dead shot.

"Yes, and if any do come along and bother us it is a dollar to a nickel that they have been hired to do it. We are away ahead of the Rhoades automobile, and they can never overtake us unless we are delayed."

"I believe you are right, Mr. Jansen," spoke up Dick.

"We don't exactly know whether we are ahead or not," said Harry, shaking his head. "Suppose they went by another route unknown to us and made a big gain by doing so?"

"There ain't no other route that is as good as this," replied Dingo. "Don't worry about 'em catchin' up to you. They'll never do it—not in this race, anyhow. If any one tries to stop us gettin' into Tucson on time, why, I'll show you some of my fancy shootin'. It won't be any ear-grazin' or nip-pin' off the ends of fingers; it'll be all brain an' heart work."

The boys understood the man's meaning. He meant that he was going to shoot to kill.

The place they had chosen to camp in was just a few yards to the left of the rough mountain road. It was shielded on two sides by the cliffs, and, as a stream of water trickled near by, they could not have found a better place if they had tried.

When the coffee was boiling over the fire and some slices of bacon sizzling in the frying-pan, the camp assumed a home-like appearance.

After supper the boys proceeded to make a thorough examination of the auto. The long journey over the rough roads was beginning to tell on it, but Harry felt sure that there was more than one thousand miles of travel in it before it would have to be sent to the factory.

It must have been about ten o'clock when they had put everything in order for an early start in the morning, and then being tired out, all but Dingo Jack laid down to get some sleep.

A couple of hours later Harry was awakened by the report of a rifle. He sprang to his feet in alarm, and the detective and Dick immediately followed his example.

It was Dingo Jack who had fired the shot, and before they could get to him his rifle cracked again.

"What's is the matter?" asked Harry, as he excitedly seized his rifle.

"Matter enough," was the reply from the dead shot. "I took a stroll down to ther road a few minutes ago, an' as I got there I heard the sound of low voices. I listened an' heard Dancing Dick Mosby, the rancher, a-speakin'. He was tellin' some men how they would creep up on us an' make us prisoners till ther other horseless carriage got past. 'If they show too much resistance,' says he, 'why, shoot 'em, that's all! Benjamin Rhoades has got to git to Tucson first, an' that's all there is about it.'"

"So you heard that fellow say that, did you? Well, what did you do then?"

It was Jansen who asked the question.

"Oh, I come on back here, an' when I see ther gang sneakin' on us just now I shot a couple of 'em. That's all there is to it, so far."

The detective looked at the man in silent admiration. There was something horrible about the shooting part, but that did not equal the thoughts of the service he had rendered. Dingo was a rough character, and he took it for granted that he was acting in self-defense when he sighted his rifle and fired twice. His argument was that the fellow who fired first usually got the best of it.

"They are only a lot of villains," he said, apologetically, to the boys. "If I hadn't put 'em out of business some one else would sooner or later. Such as they are bound to die with a rope around their necks, or else git shot. It's all ther same. I'm here to help you to git into Tucson first, an' you are goin' to do it by fair means. Them fellers won't come back jest now, but they ain't far away, an' they mean to attack us. At every chance I get I'll keep makin' 'em less in numbers."

The dead shot talked in a business-like way, not as if he was waiting to create subjects for funerals.

"Dingo is right," said the detective, after a rather lengthy pause, during which he was doing a whole lot of thinking. "We will leave the case in his hands, boys."

Harry and Dick gave in to the judgment of their elders without a word. The tactics that were being pursued were not exactly to their liking, but there was no help for it. A gang of villains had been hired to stop them from winning the race, and it had dwindled down to a matter of life or death now.

No one thought of such a thing as going to sleep again, so they walked up and down in the shadow of the cliffs, keeping their ears strained for the least sound.

When probably three hours had passed without anything happening Dingo signified his intentions of "makin' a little scout to see what ther gang was up to."

There was no use in trying to stop him. They found that out right at the start.

Dropping on his hands and knees, the daring man crept along in the black shadows in the direction of the mountain road.

Soon his form was lost in the darkness, and the three awaited his return anxiously.

Five, ten minutes elapsed, and then a volley of rifle shots rang out on the still night air. There was a pause for an instant, and then two more shots rang out in quick succession. Then they heard some one running swiftly in the direction of the camp.

"It's me, boys!" called out the voice of Dingo Jack.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Half a dozen bullets whistled after the man, but not one struck him, or came anywhere near him.

"They never touched a hair!" he exclaimed, as he dashed into the camp. "There was ten of 'em when they got here, but there's only six left now! I reckon we will be able to start by daylight if business keeps up this way."

Dingo was puffing like a porpoise, for he had run quite a distance.

"Do you mean to say that you shot two more of the men?" asked Jansen.

"Somethin' like that, I guess," was the reply. "What was I to do? They got sight of me an' started to put it right into me. I was near enough to count 'em up, so you see I had to do somethin'."

"Mosby is alive yet, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he won't be long after daylight."

"Why?"

"He's challenged me to fight him as soon as it is light enough to see."

"And you accepted the challenge?"

"Yes. His carcass is worth jest as much dead as it is alive."

Jansen said no more. He was confident Dingo would be the victor in a square fight, and he waited anxiously for daylight to come.

It seemed a long time, but after a while the gray streaks in the east denoted the return of day.

The dead shot had not closed his eyes once during the night, and a few minutes later he threw the saddle on his horse.

"Git ready to start," said he. "When ther edge of ther sun shows himself above ther mountains over yonder we will start for Tucson."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE END OF THE RACE.

Just as old Sol showed the top of his head above the distant mountain range two horsemen started to ride swiftly toward each other on a level stretch of mountain road.

They were Dingo Jack and Dancing Dick, alias Mosby, the rancher.

The five men of the latter were well back under cover, with instructions to charge upon the automobile in case he should be the victor in the duel. If he lost they were to use their own judgment.

The duelists were desperate men, the pair of them, and the outlaw captain was no mean shot.

As they neared each other each fired a shot from the revolver he clutched in his hand.

Dancing Dick had a lock of hair taken from the side of his head, and Dingo plainly heard the whistle of the bullet from his adversary's revolver.

But neither slackened the pace of their steeds.

Both leaned close to the necks of their animals to shield themselves as much as possible.

Crack! Crack! Again their weapons spoke.

The outlaw's left arm dropped to his side, his fingers releasing the bridle-rein, and Dingo made an involuntary grab at the top of his head.

Again the revolvers spoke, and strange as it may seem, both men dropped from their horses.

One of them remained perfectly quiet, but the other was on his feet in an instant. A typical cowboy yell left his lips, and before they were scarcely aware of what they were doing the two boys and the detective were cheering like mad.

Dingo Jack had proved to be the victor! The last shot had simply grazed his temple, momentarily stunning him. That was all.

The outlaw captain had died instantly with a bullet in his heart.

The five villains who had been led by him did exactly what the dead shot thought they would do. They turned tail and galloped back in the direction of Bowie.

"That was a putty close call for me," said Dingo, as he examined a hole in his hat. "One bullet grazed my head an' another put a hole in my dicer. Either one was close enough."

"I should say so!" answered Harry. "Well, I am glad this business is over. Let us start now."

Jansen had caught the horse of the slain outlaw, and after a short whispered conversation he helped Dingo to throw the body across the animal's back and tie it there.

"What are you going to do?" asked Dick.

"Earn a few thousands," replied Dingo. "This feller is wanted dead or alive, an' I reckon me an' Mr. Jansen might as well have ther reward that is offered."

"Oh!" exclaimed the two boys in a breath, and then the auto was started down the winding mountain road.

"All will be serene now, I think," said the detective, when they halted at noon. "Your rivals have played their last card and lost."

"I am sorry there was any bloodshed," retorted Harry.

"It can't be helped," spoke up Dick. "Don't let us bring up the subject again."

And they did not.

The roads kept improving almost every mile they covered after the foot of the range was reached, and at noon the following day they saw the city of Tucson in the distance. At least Dingo Jack said it was Tucson, though they could scarcely believe it, since they had got there so much quicker than they had figured on.

Harry was the only one in the party who was really uneasy. Somehow he could not drive the idea from his head that their rivals had taken a shorter and better route and got in ahead of them.

But he had not long to wait now.

Twenty minutes later they crossed the railroad track, and as they did so they were met by a crowd of people.

"Which automobile is this?" asked a tall old gentleman who sported a silk hat.

"Streeter's," answered Dick Rumsen.

A cheer went up from the crowd, and then the man wearing the silk hat made for the nearest telephone.

He came back five minutes later, just as the Flash was about to move on.

"Which one of you boys is Streeter?" he asked.

"I am," replied Harry.

"Well, your father says you are to remain right here for ten minutes, unless the other machine should come along."

"Is that correct?"

"Yes. I am the proprietor of the hotel he is stopping at."

"That's right!" cried half a dozen in the crowd.

Harry decided to wait.

Long before the ten minutes was up a brass band was heard approaching.

"We'll show you how we welcome the winners of automobile races in Tucson," said the hotel proprietor.

Nearer came the band, and presently our friends could see that there were over five hundred men in line behind it, to say nothing of the boys.

Pretty soon a coach dashed up. In it were William N. Streeter and the judge of the great race.

Harry's father was yelling himself hoarse. He reached out and shook the hands of both boys, and then told them to fall in behind the band.

The band countermarched and they did so.

Straight through the principal street of Tucson to the hotel they went, the musicians playing their loudest and the crowd yelling their approval from every side.

One old resident said it beat any circus parade he had ever seen, and there were lots who were willing to back up his assertion.

As the automobile halted at the curb in front of the hotel, which was the end of the race, the judge arose in his carriage and in a loud voice exclaimed:

"I award the race to William N. Streeter!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

The day following the arrival of the Flash in Tucson the Rhoades auto was at a halt about fifty miles from its destination.

Louis Rhoades and the Frenchman were certainly in anything but good spirits. They were alone, without a cent in their clothes. The two road agents had certainly squared themselves on the game of poker, for they had held them up but a few minutes before and forced them to "shell out."

"That's what we get for your cheating at cards the other

night," said Louis bitterly. "We are fine birds to go into Tucson, winners of the greatest race ever run, aren't we?"

"It ees too bad," retorted his companion. "But I could not help doing ze card trick. Zey was beat us if they could."

"Well, you know that is the reason they robbed us, for they told us so."

"Zey might have done it anyhow."

There was a little satisfaction in this, so Louis said no more on the subject.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "let us go on. It is more than certain that our rivals are back in the mountains somewhere, and it will be all right when we meet father."

Vain hopes! The young rascal was beaten at his own game, though he was not aware of it. If he had made a square race from the start his machine would have stood a far better show. But it is not in some people to act on the square, and such generally receive their just deserts sooner or later.

The Frenchman ran the auto along at an easy pace, and when signs of civilization began to appear he suggested that they should ask the first man they met if he had seen the other auto.

A short time after this they came upon a horseman.

"Has there another machine like this one gone this way lately?" asked Louis.

It so happened that the man he was addressing knew nothing of an auto race, or had never seen one before, for that matter.

"No," he answered. "What in thunder do you call that thing, anyhow? Where are your horses?"

"We are all right," said the young man to his assistant. Then turning to the horseman, he added:

"We don't need any horses. How does this strike you?"

Away went the automobile at a swift pace, leaving the native staring after them in mute astonishment.

But when they got into Tucson they found things a trifle different. Instead of a crowd turning out to cheer them, as they expected, they noticed that people looked at them pityingly, if anything.

Young Rhoades began to feel uneasy.

Was the rival auto in, after all? was the question he asked himself.

But his hopes went up a moment later when a small crowd appeared, showing considerably enthusiasm. They had been hired for the occasion by his father.

They would have reached the hotel without knowing that they were beaten if a half-drunken man had not yelled out:

"You are over a day late! Go back to New York and bag your heads!"

Louis Rhoades turned pale.

"Franco, we are beaten, after all!" was all he said.

This was virtually the finish of the race. The Rhoades automobile was a bad second.

With the end of the great race our story also ends, except that we want to add a few paragraphs in connection with it.

Our two young friends, Harry Streeter and Dick Rumsen, had left Tucson for Phoenix less than an hour before the Rhoades outfit came in.

They were going to remain there for a week as the guests of the father of pretty Myra Westlake. Then they would journey back to New York by rail.

Dingo Jack left it to Jansen to secure the reward for the capture of Dancing Dick, dead or alive, and when the detective got the money he turned over the biggest portion of it to the dead shot.

A few weeks later the two men were located on the range where Dick Rumsen had discovered the golden nugget in such a peculiar, not to say dangerous manner.

Both imagined that they would be rich in a few months.

Whether they will or not we do not know, but the chances seem a little in their favor.

The last we heard of our friends they were back in New York safe and sound. But neither Harry nor Dick cared to race to Arizona again, and it is not likely that Mr. Streeter will ever make such another wager.

The villainous part their rivals had played was kept a secret, and when the two men who made the big wager meet at the Hoffman House they do not speak.

Next week's issue will contain "LOCOMOTIVE LEW; OR, THE YOUNG PRINCE OF THE THROTTLE." By Jas. C. Merritt.

CURRENT NEWS

Matt Steeffer, aged hermit, occupying a hut on the outskirts of Hartford, Conn., was found dead of hunger and cold with \$20 in gold in his pocket and considerable money hidden about the bedroom where he died. A half-starved dog stood guard over the body.

In the aggregate \$750,972,246 in national bank notes is scattered over the country. The \$10 bills seem to be the favorites, nearly half the total being in that denomination. Here is the detailed list: One dollar, \$343,587; two dollars, \$164,312; five dollars, \$139,335,265; ten dollars, \$330,427,260; twenty dollars, \$228,861,580; fifty dollars, \$17,871,650; one hundred dollars, \$35,283,550; five hundred dollars, \$89,500; one thousand dollars, \$23,000.

Two planters named James and Hermann Weber, brothers, were set upon by cannibals who came from the unexplored regions in New Guinea, or Papua. No trace of their bodies has been found, and it is believed that they were devoured. The news was brought to Sydney, Australia, by friendly natives, who stated that the same tribe has been carrying on a campaign of butchery throughout the district. A punitive expedition has been arranged by the government.

Mayor H. P. Keller of St. Paul, has announced the appointment of two women as regular members of the St. Paul police department. They are Mrs. Margaret Kelly and Mrs. William Moore. The appointments were made in accordance with a recently enacted city ordinance. The two policewomen have assumed their new duties by watching the dance halls, where the authorities claim young girls are surrounded by bad influences. They will report what they see to the mayor.

Edward Muller, the newly elected president of the Swiss republic, is no stranger to the office, having been elected president in 1899. After serving one term he became chief of the military department. He was born in Nidau, Canton of Berne, in 1848. He was a law student at Berne University, and was later elected president of the civil court at that city. During his active career he has been mayor of Berne, a member of the cantonal council, and a member of the national council, which is the lower house of the Swiss Parliament.

Evan Jones, of Lafayette, N. J., who is beginning to recover from a cough that has made his life miserable for the past two years, says the cause was nothing less than a lizard three inches long. Jones declared that he brought up the reptile while out driving the other day. He had a paroxysm of coughing on the road. At the end of it he choked, he said, and reached down his throat for relief. He seized the lizard and drew it to the light of day. The agency of coughing that Jones endured is ascribed to the frantic efforts of the lizard to liberate itself.

The new German military bill will add 84,000 recruits to the annual contingent called up for service in the army, according to the well-informed "Volks Zeitung." The total strength of the peace footing of the army will thus be increased by 168,000 men, bringing it up to 806,000, excluding officers. The German War Office sent telegraphic orders for the commencement of the construction of new barracks along the frontiers, showing that the military authorities are certain of the passage of the bill through the Imperial Parliament.

In accordance with a recent decision of the Court of Appeals, the New York State Land Board adjusted the claim of the Cayuga nation of Indians for \$247,609 and interest, which, it was alleged, the state owed the Indians by reason of profits realized through the sale of lands in 1795. The claim was pressed by three Indian chiefs—Alexander Johns, Ernest Spring and Elon Kels. Under the agreement reached the Indians will receive the money asked for minus the interest.

Announcement was made at Pittsburgh, March 9, by Thomas J. Keenan, president of the American Association of the Isle of Pine, that a petition directed to President Wilson and the Senate requesting annexation of the island would be put in circulation shortly in this country and the Isle of Pines. The petition states that six thousand Americans who live or have property in the Isle of Pines want to have action taken to make the island permanently a possession of the United States. The Isle of Pines, the petition states, has become a distinctively American colony, citizens of the United States owning more than 95 per cent. of the land and constituting a majority of the population.

Caches or depots of food and clothing have recently been established by the various governments on most of the dangerous islands under their dominion. And on many of the others there are signposts and instructions as to how to get to the nearest island where there is such a depot. They are kept in huts, built expressly for the purpose, or in natural caves in the cliffs, where all the provisions will remain dry and keep for a long time. As an example, down in the Indian Ocean are the islands of Amsterdam, St. Paul and Kerguelen, all dangerous spots for vessels in a storm. On each of these the French warship *Eure* has established depots containing necessities of all kinds for castaways, no matter what their nationality may be. At Amsterdam Island, in a large cavern on a hillside, there are supplies of beef, biscuits, underclothes, blankets, and some matches, inclosed in a hermetically sealed metal box. There are also in the same cave several coats, a cooking pot, and dry wood, left by fishermen who occasionally visit there. Cabbage and celery, fish and lobsters, abound on the island and in the waters about it, and castaways could live there indefinitely.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

—OR—

THE HERO OF THE 7th

By J. P. RICHARDS.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER II. (Continued).

But they would not listen to him, and as they proudly carried him on their shoulders toward his tent, he looked back longingly at the spot where Freda stood, and far across the eyes of these two whose lives were destined to be so eventful, met, and the young girl smiled, thinking how handsome and manly he was. Even on her way across the river, she could not banish the memory of the dark, soulful eyes into which she had looked for one fleeting moment, and though she did not know it, life would never again be one long round of pleasure as it had once been to her.

Madam La Rue was waiting for them, and she hastened to meet them, a smile wreathing her lips, but she caught a glimpse of Freda's dripping dress, and the smile quickly gave place to a look of horror.

"What has happened to my poor, dear lamb?" she cried, holding up both hands. "Oh, what has happened?"

"Madam, dear madam, you may well thank heaven that Freda is with you to-night," Winona Avery said, solemnly, rolling her eyes piously. "But for the bravery of an unknown hero we would have brought her home with us cold and dead!"

A shriek burst from Madam La Rue's lips, and rushing to Freda, she clasped her in her arms and pressed her to her breast.

"Dead!" she repeated, wildly. "Dead, did you say, Miss Avery? Oh, my precious one, how did it all happen? What would I do without my sunbeam? It is dreadful—dreadful! But come, tell madam, if you are able, little one?"

"I—am still very weak from the shock, dear madam," Freda faltered in a faint voice, as though it were a painful effort for her to speak. "But, oh, madam, I could bear it no longer! Life was becoming a burden to me, and I resolved to end it. She was so unkind to me to-day."

"She! Whom do you mean, my child?" excitedly asked madam. "Who dares treat you unkindly? Tell me and I will punish them, whoever it may be."

With a hollow groan Freda laid her head upon Madam La Rue's shoulder, and being somewhat taller, it made a ridiculous picture.

"It was Miss Coffeen, dear madam," she whispered, feebly. "She abused me so that I tried to drown myself."

"It is false!" burst from Miss Coffeen's lips. "Oh, you wretched girl, you ran away, and——"

"It is not false," Winona Avery broke in, apparently very indignant. "It is true. I have been afraid for weeks that Freda would take her own life because Miss Coffeen was so cruel and unkind to her. 'Girls,' turning to the others, 'haven't you all heard Freda threaten to commit suicide unless old Coffin—I mean Miss Coffeen—treated her better?'"

"Yes, we have all heard her many a time," they an-

swered in chorus, taking their cues from their leader like the good actors they were, "and it is a shame the way Miss Coffeen treats her."

"Is this true, Miss Coffeen?" questioned Madam La Rue, gasping with horror. "It must be true, for the dear girls all say so. Now, what excuse have you to offer for your heartless conduct that so nearly cost this poor child her life?"

"It is a falsehood!" panted Miss Coffeen, her voice hoarse and thick with rage. "A vile falsehood, concocted by these wretches to ruin me, and——"

"Silence, Miss Coffeen!" Madam La Rue said, haughtily. "I am amazed at such language coming from you. Remember that you are speaking of young ladies. You may retire, Miss Coffeen, and I will investigate your conduct in the morning. As for you, my much abused lamb," patting Freda's head, "I tremble when I think how near I came to losing you, and now as you are doubtless nervous and upset, you will need quiet and rest. Suppose you occupy the guest chamber to-night, and Miss Avery may remain with you in case you should need anything. First of all, you must take a hot bath and be rubbed with alcohol in order to avoid taking cold, and my precious one, never, never, never think of doing such a foolish thing again. No matter what your burdens are, be patient and bear all with Christian fortitude."

The "poor much abused lamb," raised her eyes meekly to madam's face, and snuggled a trifle closer.

"You are so kind, dear madam," she sighed. "No wonder that we all love you."

"I try to make it seem like home to all my dear girls," madam answered with a smile, "and now suppose I call Charity Jane to help you prepare for bed."

"No, indeed, madam, I will help her," Winona Avery said, sweetly. "Poor Charity Jane is tired, and I am not. I will attend to Freda's wants, for it will be a pleasure to me."

"You are so thoughtful," madam resumed. "Good-night, my precious, and if you should feel ill during the night, do not hesitate to call me."

"Good-night, dear madam," they all said together, and then they trooped off upstairs, all but Winona Avery, and she lingered behind long enough to slip a square package into Madam La Rue's hands.

"A box of bon-bons for you, dear madam," she whispered, knowing her weakness for sweets. "I saw them and knew you would like them."

"What a self-sacrificing, unselfish child," madam said to herself, for a box of candy went deeper into her heart than anything else. "She will make a perfect woman, Heaven bless her!"

Meanwhile, the "self-sacrificing, unselfish child," tenderly supporting the seemingly weak form of the "poor much abused lamb," went slowly up the stairs to the sacred guest chamber allotted to them for the night, but no sooner was the door closed behind them and locked, then Freda, suddenly recovering her strength and agility, turned a backward "flip-flap," with the skill of a professional acrobat, landing in the middle of the bed, while Winona, gathering up her skirts, executed a sort of silent war-dance about the room.

(To be Continued)

NEWS PARAGRAPHS

The Corriere d'Italia of Rome prints a despatch from Tainino that the crew of the dreadnought Amalfi mutinied recently. They threw overboard the compass, gun fittings and war material. Several of the gunners were arrested and handed over to a disciplinary court.

Leading a twenty-two-year-old donkey and wearing a khaki uniform, B. H. Anderson, of Butler, Pa., left Portland, Me., March 4 to settle an election bet on Theodore Roosevelt by walking from this city to Portland, Ore., 4,500 miles. "I am willing to make the same bet, that if Roosevelt is a candidate in 1916 he will be elected," said Anderson, as he began his long tramp. Anderson was a page in the national House of Representatives in 1901.

The French Cabinet has accepted the decision of the Supreme Council of War, which pronounced in favor of a three-year term of service in all branches of the army instead of two years, as hitherto, and the bill will be submitted to the Chamber of Deputies to-morrow. The measure will add 210,000 men, at the lowest estimate, to the peace footing of the army, which at present stands 578,873, excluding officers. The vast military preparations being made by Germany are given as the compelling reason for this step of the French government.

Demobilization of the Austrian and Russian forces has been decided upon, according to information from a most reliable source, as a result of the recent exchange of letters between Emperor Francis Joseph and the Russian Emperor. The details of this measure were discussed at a special council at Tsarskoe-Selo under the presidency of Emperor Nicholas. The Premier and the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War and Marine and the Chief of the General Staff were present. This action coincides with the preparations for the tercentenary celebration of the Romanoff dynasty. An amnesty decree on a large scale is being prepared.

Officers of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line in New York recently received a cablegram from Albert Ballin, managing director of the line, in Hamburg, advising that the sister ship of the Imperator, the largest ship in the world, will be launched April 3, and will be christened the Europa. She will be 950 feet in length, 100 feet in beam. Prince Regent Ludwig of Bavaria will be the sponsor, and upon his instruction his son, Prince Rupprecht, will christen the vessel. Mr. Ballin also cabled that the first trip of the Imperator is finally fixed for May 23, and that previous to that date she will make extended trial trips of eight days' duration.

Sunday baseball received a deathblow in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, Pa., when the Whitbank bill, designed to permit ball playing on Sunday between the hours of 3 and 6 p. m., was defeated by a vote of 138

to 34. It developed during the reading of the measure that the boy baseball fans of the Quaker City had been instrumental in inducing Mr. Whitbank to introduce the bill. Whitbank declared on the floor that personally he was opposed to Sunday ball games, but that the youngsters residing in his ward had induced him to present the bill in hopes of being able to see Connie Mack's team or the Phillies present a battle on the diamond after Sunday school.

After April 1 the Isthmian Canal Commission will place obstacles in the way of employes intending to bring their families to the isthmus by withdrawing the present reduced rates of transportation. The action is rendered necessary by reason of the serious congestion in the employes' quarters in towns in the Canal Zone and also by the prospective speedy abandonment of the quarters at Gorgona. The situation is not expected to improve until new buildings have been erected elsewhere in the zone. An executive order signed by President Taft on February 24 prohibiting the entry into the continental territory of the United States from the Canal Zone or other insular possessions of both skilled and unskilled alien laborers has been received at Panama.

Sixty-four of the crew of the German torpedo boat S. 178 were drowned, together with their commanding officer, Lieutenant Koch, and the first officer, after the little vessel had been rammed by the cruiser Yorck off Helgoland, Germany, in the North Sea on March 5. The surgeon and engineer and fifteen men of the crew were saved. The torpedo boat sank immediately. Torpedo boat destroyer S. 178 was one of the most modern destroyers in the German fleet. She displaced 636 tons and carried a complement of eighty-four officers and men. S. 178 was returning during the night from manoeuvres in which she had taken part with the German battleship fleet, the cruiser squadron and sixty-four other torpedo boat destroyers. The destroyers attempted to pass through the intervals in the column of warships while they were steaming ahead at full speed. The commander of the S. 178 calculated the distance incorrectly and his boat was cut in halves by the cruiser Yorck and sank instantly. The Yorck signalled the accident to the other vessels of the fleet, which slowed down and cruised around in the vicinity, flashing their searchlights in all directions. Small boats were lowered from all the vessels, and succeeded in picking up two of the officers and fifteen of the crew of the sunken destroyer. Similar accidents in torpedo boat destroyers of the German navy occurred on July 19, 1912, when the battleship Hessen rammed a destroyer during manoeuvres at Kiel, killing three men and again on September 14, when the Zachringen rammed destroyed G. 171 off Helgoland, causing six of her crew to lose their lives. Eleven torpedo boats of the German navy have been sunk in accidents since 1895.

On the Wheel for a Fortune

—OR—

The Wonderful Adventures of a Boy Bicyclist

By WILLIAM WADE.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER II. (Continued).

A spark of fire gleamed in the gloom, grew brighter, and burst into a flame. The succeeding moment a lantern was lighted. The broken window, behind the boy, rattled in the wind. He crouched closer against the wall. His wheel stood there, and his hand rested upon it. He hoped he would not be seen.

The man whom he had first seen at the village hotel raised a lantern at arm's length, took a forward step, and looked keenly toward the boy. Then a fierce cry burst from his lips. Horace knew he was discovered.

There was but one chance for escape. His wheel might save him. The men had left the broken door open when they came in. Horace was nearer it than they were. He saw the man with the lantern start at him. Then he sprang upon his wheel.

And, while the two plotters hurled themselves toward him, he sent the safety flying across the floor, and through the door. Then away he went, at full speed over the wild and gloomy plains. He went to the road, crossed it, and sped noiselessly, like a fleeting shadow.

He heard hoofbeats on the road, and dimly saw two mounted men speeding along it. They had come to the abandoned house on horseback it seemed, and they must have thought he had kept to the road for which he had made.

Horace imagined they thought he had overheard more of their evil schemes than was really the case, and that they meant he should never tell another. He felt that he had made a dangerous discovery—that those men now had a powerful incentive to make them his enemies.

He heard the sounds of the horses' hoofs grow fainter and fainter in the distance, until at length they ceased altogether.

Then he changed his course and skirted along the road to Silver City, but at a distance so that, under cover of the night, he would be invisible to any one traversing that highway.

Horace neither heard nor saw anything of the two men who had pursued him as he journeyed onward, and indeed he encountered no one during the remainder of the night.

When the gray dawn began to lighten the horizon in the far east the lad was near Silver City, and about three hours later under the bright sunlight of the new day he rode into the town.

As he went on he saw knots of men congregated here and there talking excitedly. He was not slow to gather from scraps of conversation which reached him that something out of the common had recently taken place there.

Every one was talking of a great robbery. He heard the name Lyman Duncan mentioned again and again, in this connection. Of course he remembered he had heard the two men at the deserted house speak of the same person.

Going on, the safety tourist came to a large, substantial-looking building, before which a great crowd of angry and excited people had assembled.

Upon this building he saw a sign, bearing the legend—"Lyman Duncan, Banker and Mine Broker."

Horace halted at the outskirts of the crowd, and listened to the conversation which was going on all around him.

It gradually became clear to the lad, that Lyman Duncan, who had previously been known in the locality only as a poor prospector, who spent the most of his time in the mountains, had all at once set up a bank in Silver City, and given positive evidence of great wealth, whose source was a mystery to every one.

But a few days previously to the date of Horace's arrival, a gold train of pack mules from the northern mines, was robbed in transit to Silver City, and the master of the treasure convoy murdered.

The stolen treasure was from the placer workings, and therefore in the form of gold dust. It was packed in sacks in the usual manner, but each sack bore the private mark of the owner, so placed as to escape the notice of the casual inspector.

On the night succeeding the robbery of the gold train a string of pack mules, driven by Mexicans and Indians, came into the town laden with a consignment of gold for Lyman Duncan.

The gold sacks were being delivered at the new bank, though Duncan was himself absent at the time, when the owner of the stolen treasure recognized his private mark on the sacks.

The men in charge of the train were well mounted, and they fled as soon as they got wind of this discovery.

The gold was seized by the rightful owner, and vain pursuit of the men who had brought it to Duncan's bank was made.

From that night Duncan had not been seen. But there was evidence to show that he had returned under cover of the darkness and fled, taking with him his only child—a young girl called Sylvia.

The bank had been searched by the authorities, but no trace of Duncan's reputed wealth was found in it.

A like investigation at the house where the missing banker dwelt alone with his daughter for a short time resulted in a similar dearth of discovery.

It was now believed in the town that Duncan had gained his reputed wealth by the robbery of gold trains; many such lawless depredations had recently occurred. The fact that the product of the last robbery had been brought to his bank, coupled with the circumstances of Duncan's flight, seemed to have left no doubt of his guilt in the minds of the people.

Searching parties had been sent out in every direction, but every effort to trace, or locate the fugitive banker had thus far failed utterly.

The theory was advanced that—being the head of a band of desperate bold robbers—Lyman Duncan probably had a hidden retreat to which he had made his way with his daughter.

Horace heard all this, and from what he had learned at the deserted house it seemed to him that Lyman Duncan might be, and probably was, an innocent man.

(To be Continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Damage estimated at nearly \$500,000 was done by a fire in the manufacturing district at Union City, Pa., March 8. The fire started in the Shreve Chair Company's plant, destroyed it and damaged the Variety Turning Company and the Hanson Furniture Company plants. The loss of the Shreve company was placed at \$325,000. The plant was said to be the largest chair factory in the United States.

Miss Zelle Emerson, the American suffragette, was sent to the hospital of Holloway jail, London, recently, presumably the victim of forcible feeding. The young woman was held incommunicado, and it is said that her condition was serious. Miss Emerson had been sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for smashing windows. She declared a hunger strike and the prison authorities attempted forcible feeding. Forcible feeding, according to Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who were forced to undergo it, is the most refined torture imaginable and has caused great and lasting injury to prisoners.

Business on the Bourse, Paris, has come absolutely to a standstill except for a few speculative operations in Russian industrials and petroleums. The cause of this partial paralysis is the reflex action of the monetary tightness in Berlin and Vienna. The great bugbear of the money market to-day is not so much the slow evolution of the situation in the Balkans and the dilatory demobilizations of Austria and Russia as the terrible problems caused by the supreme measures proposed to increase the fighting strength of Germany and France. All government bonds are suffering and the outlook, according to leading financiers, is dismal.

A poison, the most powerful known, is reported to have been extracted by a German chemist from the seeds of the ricinus, the familiar castor oil plant, and has been attracting much attention on account of its remarkable properties. Its power is estimated to be so great that a gram—about a thirtieth of an ounce—would kill a million and a half guinea pigs. If administered so as to cause severe illness without death, it gives immunity against a larger quantity, and the dose can be gradually increased until more than a thousand times as much can be endured as would kill an untreated animal. Though arsenic, morphine and other poisons can be taken in larger and larger quantity, says Popular Mechanics, nothing approaching this marvellous increase in dose can be borne.

Mrs. Robert F. Scott, the Antarctic explorer's widow, is entitled to be called Lady Scott hereafter. King George, Feb. 25, bestowed on her "the same rank, style and precedence as if her husband had been nominated a Knight Commander of the Bath, as he would have been had he survived." These dispatches foretold a fortnight ago that the King would grant to Mrs. Scott the posthumous honors intended for her heroic husband. Sir Ernest

Shackleton, who arrived in England, said he regarded the suggestion that the bodies of Captain Scott and his companions be brought home as unwise. There could be no better burial place, he said, than their scene of action amid the eternal snows.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, an immense meeting was held in Bridgeport, Conn.; many men volunteered for the army. To the general surprise, one of the richest men in the state, Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, arose and made this brief address:

"Every man is called upon to do what he can for his country. I don't know what I can do, unless it is to enlist and serve as a private in the Union Army. I want no position; I am willing to learn and do what I can with a musket."

But it soon proved that the chronic lameless from which Howe suffered incapacitated him from marching with a musket, even to the extent of standing sentry. Determined to be of use, however, he volunteered to serve the regiment as its postmaster, messenger and expressman.

Sending home for a suitable horse and wagon, he drove into Baltimore twice a day and brought to the camp letters and parcels. It was said that he would run over half the state to deliver a letter to some lonely mother anxious for news of her boy, or bring back to him a pair of boots which he needed during the rainy weather.

For four months after the 17th Connecticut entered the field, the Government was so pressed for money that no payment to the troops could be made, and there was consequently great suffering among the families of the soldiers, and painful anxiety endured by the men themselves.

One day a private soldier came quietly into the paymaster's office in Washington, and took his seat in the corner to wait his turn for an interview. Presently the officer asked what he could do for him.

"I have," answered the soldier, "called to see about the payment of the 17th Connecticut."

The paymaster, somewhat irritated by what he supposed a needless and impertinent interruption, told him sharply that he "could do nothing without money, and that until the Government furnished it, it was useless for soldiers to come bothering him about pay."

"I know that the Government is in straits," returned the soldier. "I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment two months' pay. I am ready to furnish the amount."

The amazed officer asked the name of his visitor, who modestly replied, "Elias Howe." He then wrote a draft for the required sum—\$31,000. Two or three days later the regiment was paid. When Mr. Howe's name was called, he went up to the paymaster's desk and signed the receipt for \$28.60 of his own money!

The officers of a neighboring regiment sent over to the 17th Connecticut to see if they could not "borrow their private."

TRIBAL SAVAGERY

STRANGE STORY OF THE POWER OF THE DREADED LONG JUJU.

By ROBERT M. MCWADE.

From British diplomatic sources comes to the United States an appalling story of tribal savagery in Southern Nigeria, where the dreaded Long Juju of Arochoku, which was thought to have been stamped out by the British expedition of ten years ago, has been revived with all its hideous accessories of murder and slavery.

Probably on account of the fact that the Long Juju, with its human sacrifices, was thought to have been permanently wiped out after that British expedition, the cult was never declared illegal, and gradually and secretly a powerful Aro chief, named Kanu Okoru, collected the scattered remnants. He organized a staff of 1,500 messengers, who were perpetually traveling up and down over many hundreds of miles of territory.

On arriving in a town the secret messenger would inquire if any of the people were accused of witchcraft or other crime, or if any desired to invoke the aid of the chief oracle Chuku. Those consulting the oracle were first taken before the head chief, and after payment of rods equalling in value about \$25, were passed on to the officiating priests, where further payment was exacted. Any townsman nourishing enmity against another bribed the Juju messenger, who thereupon ordered the man to go before the oracle, and the wretched victim went unresistingly to death or life-long slavery.

In spite of the vigilance of the British Government the Aros made most of their wealth through the slave trade. Northward as far as Udi, and southward to the sea, the country is honeycombed by slave routes. Along these were continually passing the victims of the revived Long Juju, too terrorized to complain to the white men or to do anything in their self-defence.

Such was the power of the Juju emissaries that if they only pointed a finger at a man, woman, or child, the unfortunate creature had to follow them without thought of hesitation or resistance. The most lucrative side of this hideous traffic was the supply of sacrificial victims to those wealthy enough to pay for such means of ensuring rich crops, or answers to prayer.

Closely as the dreadful secrets of Long Juju were guarded, rumors at length reached the British Government, and the District Commissioner at great personal risk made searching inquiries. Though baffled for a time, he was determined to stamp out the hideous movement, and so the cult was made illegal. As a result, further arrests were justified, and several of the chief priests were sentenced to death.

In order to revenge their kin, relatives of the condemned men poisoned the Commissioner's food; but, luckily, antidotes were at hand, and the attempt only resulted in a severe illness. The chief, Kanu Okoru, had safeguarded himself of murder, so while his subordinates suffered the extreme penalty, the arch-conspirator, who had amassed

a fortune of at least \$2,500,000, could only be condemned to three years' imprisonment.

One of the most startling results of the investigations was the discovery of a slave town with 2,000 to 3,000 souls at the back of Kanu Okoru's compound. This was screened from the road by only a few yards of bush, but so dense is the vegetation that its existence had never been suspected. No smoke was visible above the high trees, and the thick undergrowth hid everything from sight, while the terror of the oracle precluded all thought of crying for help.

The following is typical of the cases brought to light: After heavily bribing the officiating priest for a favorable verdict, one man accused another of a crime and summoned the latter before Chuku. After both had offered a sacrifice of sheep and goats to the oracle, accuser and accused were taken to a spot in the river bed, before the entrance to a sacred cave in the side of the gorge. They were ordered to stand with their backs to the cave mouth while the oracle was announced by a priest concealed within. The accused was declared guilty, and was ordered to sit on the trunk of a tree which jutted out over the water, while his accuser and all of the members of his cult present were told to retire to a place above the cave and screened from the river.

The executioners next appeared with a "strangling stick," a piece of wood 8 inches to 9 inches long, with a rope noose firmly fixed to one end, and passing through a circular hole in the other. The stick was placed against the front of the throat, and the victim was then quickly strangled by means of the cord which was passed over his head. No resistance was ever made; the fear of Chuku seems to have been too overwhelming for any such idea. The head of the corpse was then struck thrice, with great force, on a sacrificial stone placed near the tree trunk—after which the body was tossed into the river, pulled out after a while, then trampled upon by the executioners, and finally interred upon the bank.

The semi-official despatches state that the power of the Long Juju is now finally and surely broken, and the awful fear which it inspired over very many thousands of natives and over many hundreds of miles of country is now a thing of the past.

EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Aguinaldo, erstwhile rebel leader, engaged in farming and in the manufacture of a special brand of hemp braid for hats, is the enticing picture of Philippine industrial conditions drawn by J. C. Muerman, formerly division school superintendent of Cebu, P. I., now a rural-school specialist in the United States Bureau of Education. Aguinaldo's peaceful pursuit is typical of the change that has taken place in the Philippines during the past few years.

Mr. Muerman describes entertainingly the remarkable educational advance in the islands since the day the first American teachers disembarked from the U. S. Transport Thomas a dozen years ago. Unhampered by academic tradition, and face to face with problems of education that were as big as civilization itself, these educators and those

who followed them have gradually developed a system of Filipino schools under Filipino teachers that is rapidly transforming the social and industrial life of the islands.

Compulsory industrial training, fitted for the needs of everyday Filipino life, is the most distinctive feature of the island schools. The Americans have carefully studied the possibilities of the valuable raw materials abundantly at hand in the islands, and are able to show the Filipinos how to make the most of them. Every Filipino school boy is required to do a certain amount of work with native woods and fibers; everyone must learn to till the soil by actually doing it in the school garden and in a plot of his own; and every Filipino school girl is taught certain essentials of sewing and other home-making arts. All the children in the schools are obliged to pass through this period of elementary training in the everyday tasks of life.

Most significant in the scheme of industrial education is the recent establishment of the Philippine School of Household Industries. Two hundred women from different parts of the islands were brought together at Manila, shown how to adapt their native skill in embroidery and lace-making to the demands of foreign markets, and then sent back to their homes to form centers of industrial progress in their own communities. The Government has established a sales agency to dispose of the commodities thus produced, and so far the demand has greatly exceeded the supply. One Filipino woman who was trained in the new school has 800 women working under her and is receiving from firms in the United States orders for thousands of embroidered shirt waists and handkerchiefs. The beautiful Pina cloth, made from pineapple, is one product to which special attention is paid. Before the Americans came this cloth sold for from 10 to 50 cents a yard; the demand for it now is such that it brings from \$1.50 to \$3 a yard.

"The hardest thing American teachers in the Philippines have to contend with," says Mr. Muerman, "is the American spirit of hustle and bustle. The American is in too much haste. He wants to get everything done at once. He tries to overturn in a few weeks the traditions of centuries. And yet, coming into a country where the ideal tends to be that of Manana—never do to-day what you can by any possibility put off till to-morrow—he has really made astonishing headway in transforming the Philippines into a country of to-day, where things move with something like American hurry. The old folks shake their heads and sigh for the good old times, but the young people, boys and girls alike, are glad to take advantage of the more efficient methods. They play American games and accept the educational opportunities offered them with equal adaptability, and it is through them that the new Filipino civilization is making its way irresistibly.

"Aguinaldo with his hemp weaving and agriculture may be a less heroic figure than the wily general who for so long eluded the American armies, just as clean streets and city high schools somehow make less noise in the concert of the powers than the roar of guns in Manila Bay; but when the real history of humanity is written, it can scarcely leave untold the story of the unselfish efforts of America to carry the light of education to the Philippines."

WIRELESS SENT FROM GERMANY TO N. Y.

Following a report that the Telefunken wireless station at Sayville had been in direct communication with the station at Nauen, a suburb of Berlin, United States inspectors tested the service and found lately that messages between the two points can be exchanged. The distance is 4,000 miles, the greatest distance ever covered between fixed stations in daylight.

The station at Nauen has been in operation for years, but the Sayville plant has only recently been completed. No information could be obtained from the Atlantic Communication Company, owners of the station, but it is commonly understood by wireless experts that the station is equipped with a primary power of 75 kilowatts, or, in other words, 75 electrical horsepower.

The Italian Government has recently opened a high power station at Coltano, which will be used to communicate with Brazil. To cover the 6,000 miles between Italy and Brazil the station has a primary power of 600 kilowatts.

The transatlantic service of the Marconi Company between Glace Bay and Clifden, in Ireland, which has been in successful commercial use for four years day and night, utilizes 150 kilowatts at each station, and the Marconi system of rotating spark gap. The station at South Wellfleet, on Cape Cod, which sends daily news to ships at sea up to a distance of 500 miles, uses a primary power of 75 kilowatts.

DOGS AS FOOD.

A German newspaper has recently published an article which, says a German correspondent, was nothing more nor less than a defense of the consumption of dog flesh. After declaring that the habit of eating dogs was indulged in many centuries ago, the writer goes on to explain that even at present "man's best friend" is considered a delicacy by some nations.

The Chinese and Tartars keep large studs for the table, and this culinary expert has discovered a race of dogs on the island of Formosa, which, in his opinion, would satisfy the most fastidious gourmet; in fact, he attributes to them the taste of a well-roasted suckling pig.

Then he tells the tale of a beautiful fox terrier, which had won prizes at many shows, presented to the late Li Hung Chang by a relative of General Gordon, on whose grave at Khartoum the famous viceroy had placed a wreath. The donor was not a little astonished to receive a letter from old Li thanking him for the gift, and saying that, now he was Europeanized, he had given up eating dogs, but that his entourage had greatly enjoyed the dainty dish.

After this preamble about the customs in distant lands, this doggie expert gets nearer home, and takes the bull by the horns with a vengeance. In Germany, he says, dog flesh has been permitted to be sold as an article of food since 1900. In the following year a dog butcher established himself in Dessau. In 1896 Saxony consumed a little over four hundred dogs on the sly; but five years later over two thousand five hundred, and in 1909 no less than fifty thousand, were eaten openly in the same locality. They still call it the "sad meal."

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

While flying a kite at Portsmouth, Va., March 2, Sidney Bright, sixteen years old, was instantly killed by electricity. The boy attached a thin wire to the kite, instead of string, and when the kite fell across an electric wire, 11,000 volts passed through his body.

Eugene Etienne, French Minister of War, recently submitted to the Cabinet a bill extending the active service of soldiers of all arms in the French army to three years instead of two years, as at present. This measure will increase the peace footing of the army 50 per cent. A measure of this kind was expected and appears to be in accord with the wave of patriotic feeling passing over the country.

A wedding ring, buried twenty years ago on the finger of Mrs. Lorinda Isabelle Martin, was removed recently from her coffin by order of her aged husband, George Martin, of Clayton, Mo. He wished to make of it a gift to his daughters, Miss Alice Martin, society favorite and exponent of classic dancing, and Miss Edith Martin, to hand down to future generations. Mr. Martin, who is eighty years old, was a pioneer expert grain dealer of St. Louis.

The booming of customs receipts and the increased drinking and smoking of Americans, yielding enormous internal revenue returns, have given the government a surplus of \$7,379,000 for the current fiscal year, as compared with a deficit of \$20,570,000 a year ago. Total receipts for February reached \$54,803,000, of which \$52,839,000 was expended. The working balance which the Democratic administration will find in the Treasury, as indicated by today's statement, will be about \$78,000,000.

Of all the great cities, Buenos Ayres is said to be growing the most rapidly. The most artistically built of the cities of the new world. It reminds the visitor of Madrid or Paris. This magnificent capital of the Argentine Republic had in 1800 only 40,000 inhabitants; in 1852, 76,000; in 1869, 187,000; in 1887, 429,000; in 1895, 655,000; in 1904, 951,000; the census of 1910 brought it up to 1,282,117, while the population since that time has grown astonishingly. The mayor, in a recent public speech, said that in four years the population of Buenos Ayres, at the present rate of growth, would surpass that of Paris.

The project of deepening the Hudson River from New York City to Troy to twenty-seven feet is feasible, according to a report submitted to the Albany Society of Civil Engineers by a special committee appointed to investigate the subject. "The completion of the barge canal, the Panama Canal, the Canadian system of canals, and other canal projects now contemplated," says the report, "means a great revival in handling freight by water transportation, and this project should go hand in hand with the Hudson River project, so as to be ready for operation as soon as the other projects are completed."

Decision by John R. Wilson, superintendent of schools, of Paterson, N. J., that all forty-five members of the junior class at the Paterson Normal School will have to lose a six months' term on account of "cribbing" in mathematics, aroused a storm of protest there recently. The alleged offense took place at the last examination late in January. Eight of the girls were accused of "cribbing" the answers to problems and the matter was referred to the superintendent, who, after making a careful investigation, decided that the entire class, instead of graduating at the February term, 1914, will have to wait until the June term, 1914. A majority of the young women are indignant, and say they will put up a fight before the Board of Education to have the decision revoked. They do not believe the innocent should suffer with the guilty.

The International Map of the World, on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000, will, when completed eight or ten years hence, cover a total area of about 150 feet by 75 feet, or the surface of a globe 40 feet in diameter. It will consist of about 1,500 sheets, each representing a section of 4 degrees in latitude and 6 in longitude. The first sheet of the United States portion has just been published by the Geological Survey, in Washington. It is known in the general scheme as "sheet North K 19," but will be more popularly known as the "Boston sheet," and embraces Rhode Island, and portions of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine and Nova Scotia. It is printed in six colors. Ocean depths and terrestrial altitude are shown by contour lines and graduated tints. It represents the beginning of a more accurate map of the United States than any that now exists.

HIGHEST AND LOWEST POINTS IN THE WORLD.

According to the just published records of Director George Otis Smith, of the celebrated U. S. Geographical Survey, the maximum difference in elevation of land in the United States is 14,777 feet.

Mount Whitney, the highest point, is 14,501 feet above sea level and a point in Death Valley is 276 feet below sea level. These two points, which are both in California, are less than 90 miles apart.

This difference is small, however, as compared with the figures for Asia. Mount Everest rises 29,002 feet above sea level, whereas the shores of the Dead Sea are 1,290 feet below sea level, a total difference in land heights of 30,292 feet. Mount Everest has never been climbed.

The greatest ocean depth yet found is 32,088 feet, at a point about 40 miles north of the island of Mindanao, in the Philippine Islands. The ocean bottom at this point is therefore more than 11 1-2 miles below the summit of Mount Everest.

The difference in the land heights in Europe is about 15,868 feet.



REMINGTON-UMC

Solid-breech Hammerless .22 REPEATER

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS SIDE-EJECTING

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy—And a Simple Rifle to Care For

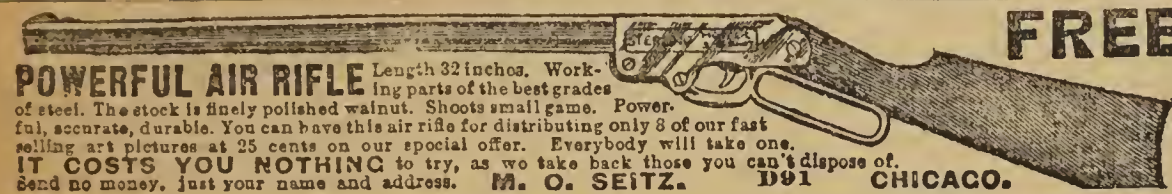
The *Remington-UMC .22 Repeater* is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every *Remington-UMC .22 repeater* never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

The *Remington-UMC .22 Repeater* is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO. 299 Broadway, New York City



POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Working parts of the best grades of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money. Just your name and address. **M. O. SEITZ. D91 CHICAGO.**

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Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 35c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted.

PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

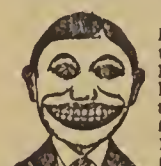
FREE BLUE ENAMELLED FLAG PIN.

Any letter hand engraved, and a catalog of Badge Pins, Jewelry, Tricks, Jokes and Puzzles. Send **TWO** cents to pay for postage and handling.

BEVERLY NOVELTY CO., 208J Beverly Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat




Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Prices: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Opt. K Frenchtown, N. J.

ASTHMA

REMEDY sent to you on **FREE TRIAL**. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterilas, 837 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

CHANGING MONEY TRICK BOX.



With this trick box you can make money change, from a penny into a dime or vice versa. Also make dimes appear and disappear at your command. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE APPOINTMENT OF CONSULS.

Consuls are appointed by the president, with the advice and consent of the senate. A candidate desiring appointment to the consular service makes application for such appointment through the secretary of state on a form furnished by the state department. From among these applicants the President designates to take an examination those candidates who seem properly qualified for the service and who are not from states which already have more than their share of appointments in the service, each state, so far as possible, being allowed appointments proportioned on the basis of population.

Naturally if the service needs men and but few candidates present themselves from states that are under represented must also be designated for the examination. In making these designations politics is given no consideration.

Then when the set time arrives the candidate presents himself at Washington and takes a written examination in international, maritime and commercial law, political and commercial geography, arithmetic, modern languages, French, German or Spanish; the natural, industrial and commercial resources and commerce of the United States, political economy, American history, government and institutions, and the modern history (since 1850) of Europe, South America and the far east.

To determine a candidate's business ability, alertness, general contemporary information and natural fitness for the service, including moral, mental and physical qualifications, character, address and general education and good command of English, he then takes an oral examination. All those candidates who receive a total mark of 80 per cent. are then pronounced qualified for appointment, and their names go on the list of eligibles from which future appointments are made.

DECORATED BY THE KING OF SWEDEN.

Walter Winans, captain of the United States double rifle team, champion of America and Europe, hunter of big game in Asia, Africa and North America, well-known horseman, sculptor and writer, has just had new honors thrust upon him by the King of Sweden.

Members of his rifle team in New York learned that His Majesty has just conferred on Mr. Winans the royal decoration commemorative of the Olympic games at Stockholm. Mr. Winans on that occasion won the gold medal for sculpture, and the silver medal for team-running deer shooting. Despite his permanent residence at Surrenden Par, Kent, England, where he maintains an extensive breeding farm and private game preserves Mr. Winans never loses an opportunity to further American sporting interests in England and Europe.

Recently, Mr. Winans wrote his friends here that he had been on a shooting excursion in Bohemia, and brought down a moufflon, the rarest animal in Europe, which resembles a Rocky Mountain wild sheep.

Captain Roald Amundsen came near leaving ten gallons of oil at the South Pole, it was learned recently. The fuel might have saved the lives of Lieutenant Scott and his companions. Captain Amundsen spoke of the oil by chance. "The day was bright and not very cold," said Captain Amundsen. "There was a general inspection of the outfit before we started back and for some time I debated with myself whether or not to leave behind two five-gallon cans of oil I did not expect to need. In the end I did not leave the oil."

Captain Amundsen said he had no reason to suppose that the oil would have been of any use to anyone at the South Pole, but that he had not left it was a melancholy reflection.

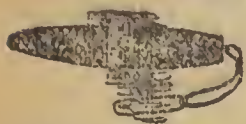


PICK-ME-OUT PUZZLE.

The head is finished in black japan, and in the mouth is a highly polished steel ball. The puzzle is to pick out the ball. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN,
419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

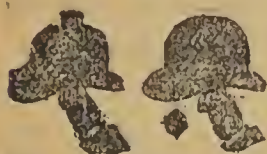
PIGGY IN A COFFIN.



This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to grunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

MAGIC DIE BLOCK.



A wonderfully deceptive trick! A solid block, two inches square, is made to appear and disappear at pleasure. Borrowing a hat from one of the audience, you place the block on top, sliding a cardboard cover (which may be examined) over it. At the word of command you lift the cover, the block is gone, and the same instant it falls to the floor, through the hat, with a solid thud, or into one of the spectator's hands. You may vary this excellent trick by passing the block through a table and on to the floor beneath, or through the lid of a desk into the drawer, etc. This trick never fails to astonish the spectators, and can be repeated as often as desired. Price, 35c., postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

BUBBLER.



The greatest invention of the age. The box contains a blow-pipe of neatly enameled metal, and five tablets; also printed directions for playing numerous soap-bubble games, such as Floating Bubbles, Repeaters, Surprise Bubbles, Double Bubbles, The Boxers, Lung Tester, Supported Bubbles, Rolling Bubbles, Smoke Bubbles, Bouncing Bubbles, and many others. Ordinary bubble-blowing, with a pipe and soap water, are not in it with this scientific toy. It produces larger, more beautiful and stronger bubbles than you can get by the ordinary method. The games are intensely interesting, too.

Price, 12c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

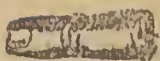
LATEST GIANT TYPEWRITER.



It is strongly made, but simple in construction, so that any one can quickly learn to operate it, and write as rapidly as they would with pen and ink. The letters of the alphabet most frequently used being so grouped as to enable one to write rapidly; the numerals, 1 to 10, and the punctuation marks being together. With this machine you can send letters, address envelopes, make out bills, and do almost any kind of work not requiring a large, expensive machine. With each typewriter we send a tube of ink and full instructions for using the machine. Price complete, \$1.00, by express.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE FINGER THROUGH THE HAT.



Having borrowed a hat from your friend, push your finger through the crown of it, and it is seen to move about. Though very amusing to others, the owner of the hat does not see the joke, but thinks it meaner to destroy his hat; yet when it is returned it is perfectly uninjured. Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

RAVELLING JOKE.



Yards upon yards of laughs. Don't miss it! Everyone falls for this one. It consists of a nice little bobbin around which is wound a spool of thread. You pin the bobbin under the lapel of your coat, and pull the end of the thread through your button hole, then watch your friends try to pick the piece of thread off your coat. Enough said! Get one! Price, 12c. each, by mail. Postage stamps taken same as money.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LITTLE GIANT MICROSCOPE.



This powerful little instrument is made of oxidized metal. It stands on two supports made the exact length, to get a sharp, 1-inch focus on the object to be magnified. There is a high-powered lens of imported glass mounted in the circular eye-piece. It can be used to detect impurities in liquids, for examining cloths, or to magnify any object to enormous size. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price, 6c. each, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

SLICK TRICK PENCIL.



This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG,

1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

IMITATION FLIES.

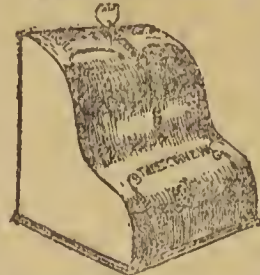


Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THREE COIN REGISTER BANK.



One of latest and best novelties on the market. It adds and registers Nickels, Dimes and Quarters put through the same slot. It holds coins to the amount of Ten Dollars, and then opens itself automatically. One lever action does all the work. Other banks only hold one kind of coin, whereas this one takes three kinds. The three coin bank is handsomely finished, is guaranteed mechanically perfect, operates with ease and accuracy, and does not get out of order.

Price, by express, \$1.00

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

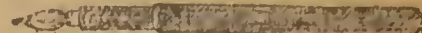
RUBBER TACKS.



They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price by mail, 10c. a box of 6 tacks; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.

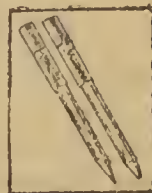


One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

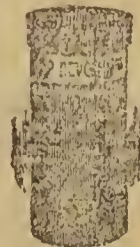
SLIDE THE PENCIL.



The pencil that keeps them guessing. Made of wood and lead just like an ordinary pencil, but when your victim starts to write with it—presto! the lead disappears. It is so constructed that the slightest pressure on the paper makes the lead slide into the wood. Very funny and a practical joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

PIN MOUSE.



It is made of cast metal and has the exact color, shape and size of a live mouse. Pinned on your or somebody else's clothes, will have a startling effect upon the spectators. The screaming fun had by this little novelty, especially in the presence of ladies, is more than can be imagined. If a cat happens to be there, there's no other fun to be compared with it.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

TRICK CIGARETTE BOX.



This one is a corker! Get a box right away, if you want to have a barrel of joy. Here's the secret: It looks like an ordinary red box of Turkish cigarettes. But it contains a trigger, under which you place a paper cap. Offer your friend a smoke and he raises the lid of the box. That explodes the cap, and if you are wise you will get out of sight with the box before he gets over thinking he was shot. Price, 15c., postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.

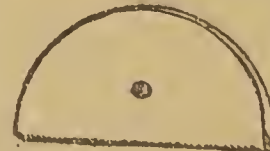


A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 19c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

WHISTLEPHONE.



This is one of the greatest musical instruments ever invented. It is made entirely of metal and is almost invisible when in use. With it, in a few moments, you can learn to play all kinds of tunes, have lots of fun, please and amuse your friends and make some money, too. Fine for either song or piano accompaniment or by itself alone. You place the whistlephone in the mouth with half circle out, place end of tongue to rounded part and blow gently as if to cool the lips. A few trials will enable one to play any tune or air.

Price 6 cents each by mail, post-paid

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1913.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Chief Hollow Horn Bear, an Ogallalla Sioux, a powerful braced giant 6 feet 3 inches tall, who gave up his gun twenty years ago when the Government ordered all guns taken from the Indians in the Bad Lands, has had it returned to him in the office of the acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Abbott. Hollow Horn Bear recognized his weapon by a rawhide wrapping on the barrel.

A man wearing the uniform of an officer and giving the name of Dr. Gustav von Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, which is the name of the manager of the Krupp works at Essen, entered the Essen municipal counting house March 8 and asked leave to examine the town's accounts. This was granted. After his examination the man declared he had discovered that there were several thousand marks over and above the correct amount and he would take the surplus to the Ministry of Finance in Berlin. He left the town, and later when the town's authorities communicated with Berlin they found that they had been robbed.

Mrs. Anna Nugent, a cook at the Paterson House, Paterson, N. J., received a cablegram from London saying that her uncle, Gen. Edward Ryan of the Thirteenth Regiment of London, died recently, leaving her \$50,000. When the message was delivered to Mrs. Nugent she was polishing a kitchen stove at the boarding house. She read the cablegram and then went straight to Mrs. H. M. Fitzpatrick, the proprietress. "My uncle's made me rich, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and I'm coming to tell you that you must look for another cook," she said. Mrs. Nugent lives with her husband, Thomas Nugent, in Paterson street. She went home and with her husband completed arrangements to leave for England right away.

A school for baseball players has been established at San Antonio, Tex., by Charles C. Carr, manager of the Kansas City American Association Club. Carr has arranged a lease of 400 acres of land on which twenty diamonds will be laid out for the instruction of "pupils." He expects to have 500 "students" before next spring rolls around and many of them will be sent to him by the major leagues for development. Carr proposes to engage

competent instructors for every department of baseball—batting, fielding, pitching, base running, sliding, signals, coaching and other fine points. It is planned to enroll as many "free agents" as possible, so that when they have been well schooled they can be recommended to major and minor league clubs, fairly well equipped for faster company. Carr intends to devote his exclusive attention to the school after the coming season ends.

The Federal League of Professional Baseball Clubs filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State at Indianapolis, March 8. The capital stock was placed at \$8,000. The incorporators met recently to organize a baseball league to take the place of the United States League, which failed to finish the season last year. Officers are to be elected soon, and it was expected J. T. Powers, of Chicago, would be named as president. The circuit, it is understood, will include St. Louis, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cleveland and Indianapolis. Cincinnati also seeks a berth in the new organization, and may get the one now offered to Pittsburgh. If Cincinnati is successful the park probably will be located in Covington, Ky. Those signing the incorporation papers are William T. McCullough and Charles X. Zimmerman, Pittsburgh; Michael Kenna, St. Louis; Charles L. Sherlock, Chicago; John A. Spinney, Cincinnati, and James A. Ross, John A. George and John S. Powell, Indianapolis.

The feeding by game protectors of wild ducks, which are wintering in New York State, will result in the saving of thousands of birds this season, according to reports received by the conservation commission. Each season since the enactment of the New York law against winter and spring shooting of wild fowl, the number of ducks which have not gone further South has increased, and a gradually increasing number of wild fowl has remained in the spring to meet within the boundaries of New York State. A game protector, writing from Sodus Point, Lake Ontario, makes a very interesting report on the wild ducks which he has been caring for during the period when there is a scarcity of food, owing to ice-locked waters. He goes on to say: "A number of pictures of ducks wintering in this vicinity have been taken. People in these parts never saw such a sight in years. I really believe the department, by feeding the birds, has saved thousands of ducks up to this time. I have found fourteen dead ducks, including one canvasback, two redheads and eleven bluebills. I never saw ducks so poor in all my life as they were. There is one hole cut in the bay which I have to walk to which is inhabited by from six to seven hundred wild ducks. At first they were wild when I attempted to approach them, but they have become accustomed to me and know me as a friend, because I bring them much needed food. Now they follow the pails which they see me carrying all around the hole, and swim after me wherever I go, and wait for me to put out the food for them. In this particular place the water is quite deep, and I at first made them dive for it. But I thought I would try placing the grain on the edge of the ice, and the plan worked finely. Now I can feed them entirely in this way."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

BRITISH AVIATOR KILLED.

Geoffrey England, a British airman, was killed at Salisbury Plain, England, March 5, by a fall from his monoplane while making a flight on the army flying ground there.

England was flying directly over Stonehenge at a height of 5,000 feet when his monoplane was seen to collapse and fall like a stone. The aviator had been flying for an hour before the accident occurred. He was testing the machine with the view of selling it to the British War Office. The death of England is the 236th due to accidents in aviation and the eighteenth since January 1, 1913.

ST. PETERSBURG EN FETE.

The celebrations in connection with the tercentenary of the accessions of the Romanoffs to the imperial throne closed at St. Petersburg with a gala banquet at the Winter Palace, to which the Emperor had invited a thousand guests, including all the official foreign visitors.

The imperial family went in solemn procession from the private apartments to the banquet hall, passing through a double line composed of hundreds of members of the monarchist organizations. All the women were attired in national costume.

The hall presented a brilliant scene. Toasts to the Emperor, the Empress and the Crown Prince were given, and each toast was greeted with salutes from the guns of the fortress. The city was again illuminated to-night, searchlights streaming from the Admiralty spire.

STEFANSSON TELLS PLANS.

Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, who discovered a strange tribe of blonde Esquimaux, arrived in England from New York recently.

Stefansson has come to London for the scientific equipment for the four years' expedition which he intends to make in north Alaska. In an interview Stefansson said:

"My expedition will be under the British flag, for it is being financed wholly by the Canadian government. The funds generously offered by three American institutions were found insufficient, and following an offer by Mr. Borden, the Canadian Premier, who wished the expedition to sail under the British flag, I accepted in their place the financial assistance of the Canadian government.

"The expedition, consisting of eight scientific experts and a crew of twelve, will start from Esquimaux in May. The main purpose of the expedition is the exploration of Beaufort Sea, and we shall probably penetrate far into unknown territory. A secondary base will be established in Southwest Victoria Island, with a special view to a larger examination of the copper bearing district."

A NOVEL EXPEDIENT.

In spite of the most vigilant search on the part of the officers and wardens at the house of correction, on Deer Island, Mass., a prisoner, whose name is said to be Chase,

succeeded in keep himself concealed there for over 48 hours in a most unusual manner.

As a group of prisoners was leaving the sewing room at the house of correction, a scuffle, believed to have been prearranged, broke out, forcing the officer in charge to leave his post for a minute to settle the trouble.

While the officer was engaged in this manner Chase succeeded in making his escape, and for 48 hours a rigid but unsuccessful search was carried on for the missing prisoner.

Deputy Master William Pendry chanced to be passing the door of the sewing room, and, detecting what he thought was a shadow within, made another investigation, which resulted in the discovery of Chase in a hammock, which he had rigged up underneath one of the worktables in the sewing room.

Instead of escaping from the building, as had been generally supposed, the prisoner ran back into the sewing room, and took refuge in a hammock, which he had ingeniously contrived to suspend below a table. Here he remained effectually concealed for two days, although the room where he lay had been searched several times.

It is supposed that the prisoner was awaiting a favorable opportunity for making his escape from the island, but whether he succeeded in getting any food or water during the interval that he lay hidden has not been ascertained.

HIGH PRICES IN ENGLAND.

The pronounced increase in the cost of living in England and the manner in which food prices have gone up in recent years are revealed in a statistical article published in the Board of Trade's "Labor Gazette," January 25. The writer, in pointing out that the food taxes paid by the people last year amounted to \$51,500,000, says that in twelve years the retail food prices have increased by nearly 15 per cent. And this, mark you, in free trade England!

"The rise which has been a feature of recent years continued at an accelerated rate in 1912," says "The Gazette," which illustrates its assertion by instancing the following increases in articles of food in daily use: Bread, 9.1 per cent.; beef, 7.5; flour, 5.5; cheese, 9.9; bacon, 5.3; rice, 11.2; oatmeal, 15.2; sugar, 10.5; marmalade, 14.9, and butter, 4.7.

Sixteen years ago retail food prices were 22.9 per cent. lower than they are today, and wholesale prices 26.9 per cent. lower.

Roughly, the purchasing power of a sovereign today is barely sixteen shillings compared with its power sixteen years ago, and compared with 1905 is not quite eighteen shillings.

The poor are now paying \$5 for food which they bought in 1911 for \$4.84, yet, so far as wages are compared, only 4,750,000 out of 14,000,000 wage earners received increases of wages, which averaged 35 cents a week. The majority of wage earners have no increase of wages to meet the increased cost of food.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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